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TOWN

Houston, Texas.: August 3, 1972-00



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# Aaahhh!!!

Well, I must say this is pretty weird. After three years of publishing this rag, riding out its birth traumas, sitting up nights with its tangents, muddling through the heavy changes, we've decided to blow it all off. I mean, this is it. We're unabashedly, unashamedly, *folding*.

Last week, when we said this would be our final number, we weren't bluffing, we weren't putting you on. We weren't secretly praying for some last minute low-flying angel to drop a bundle of manna (or even Peking gold) in our laps. We had no illusion of pulling it out in the bottom of the ninth.

In fact, the decision was sort of uplifting, like finally scratching that elusive itch. The catharsis of decisive action: Aaahh! We had been feeling it in our guts and it added up in our heads: a nice clean act of hari kari seemed in order.

And we know two things for sure already. The coroner hasn't even gotten here and the preliminary autopsy's already in. One: we made one hell of a mark on this city. Two: we failed to consolidate our fleeting victories into anything that could last.

There are articles on these pages, written by staffers and former staffers and by those who have watched us with at least slightly detached eyes. They grasp at straws, pulling tentative explanations out of the ether; perhaps you "dear reader" -- whoever you might be -- have something to add. Maybe you, in fact, have the piece of the puzzle that's missing; the perspective that makes it all come clear. Probably not, though...

Anyway, we want to make some acknowledgments now. And you, our readers and supporters, certainly come first. Those of you who have followed us from

the beginning, or through any period of our schizophrenic existence. (Existential dilemma: does a newspaper exist if no one reads it? If we don't communicate, or at the very least, infuriate, we make no reflection in the mirror.)

We want to pay special tribute to the people who encouraged us, gave us financial aid and spiritual guidance during the early days and at times of crisis. Especially Francis Yeager, to whom we owe lots of money and lots more gratitude. And to Benj. and Effie Feld, who gathered together friends willing to part with their money, and who helped us pull together our collective head, when we faced a crisis in February, 1971.

And to so many others. To Phil Ochs (who came here and did a benefit for us) and Don Sanders and all the other musicians and artists who came through in the pinch. To Richard Ames and Maggie Dreyer (*It's alright ma, I'm only dying*) and Jeanne Gitlin, our farout typesetter and friend. To Ernest Norris and the folks at the Forward Times. To Texan Gilbert Shelton, whose Furry Freak Brothers have found a place in the hearts of all. And to our chief artists through the months -- Kerry Fitzgerald and Bill Narum -- who worked for love and who could make people laugh or gasp, even when our words lacked clout.

To Bobby Eakin, who has been with us since almost the beginning, but whose bout with hepatitis has separated him from our final days. And to the folks we've dealt with in the community, people like Mike Condray, Linda Herrera and Ryan Trimble of Liberty Hall (and the Family Hand); Lloyd Sandel and Jerry Sebesta of Surfhouse; Rick Williams of the General Store; Forrest and Raymond, the Hobbit Hole brothers; Phil Oesterman of Fondren Street Theater; Mike Harvey and Bill Metzler of Sunshine Collage and Of Our Own; Sandra and Chester Wrye of Tao Whole Foods.

To almost everyone at Pacifica, and lots of friends at KAUM and KLOL. To the many dedicated people who have shaped such community organizations as Gay Liberation, MAYO, Switchboard, the Food Co-op, with whom we have worked so closely. And so many other friends whom we overlook or have no room here to mention.

And to everybody in the composite staff box on page 30 -- the nearly 250 people who worked for no pay, on this newspaper. Though many are gone, and some would certainly disown us now, and we would disown some, their dreams, their craziness, their commitment and their ego trips, have been the shaping force on this newspaper.

To our subscribers, we apologize that we are unable to honor the remainder of your subs. We do promise you one thing, though: we won't give out our sub lists to anyone, and, if any of us get another publication going, it'll be coming your way. We would also like to note that a very large percentage of our new subscribers of late have been residents of America's prisons -- perhaps we've been getting 10 prisoner subs a week. If anything has been an up in these rather bleak days, it's been the knowledge that prisoners all over this country have been reading our words, and passing the paper on to their brothers and sisters. We are truly sorry they will receive Space City! no more.

So, as Pancho Villa says, in the page 31 drawing Kerry sent from San Francisco as his farewell message: "Til we meet again..."

Soon, we hope.

--Thorne Dreyer



# Space City! Rap No. 2:

- How We Started
- What We Did
- Why We're Folding

by Victoria Smith

The last few weeks have been some of the busiest I can recall at Space City! Seems it's a lot of work, shutting down a newspaper. Whatever impulses we've felt towards sentimentality or regret have been extremely short-lived: we're too busy to look back, and besides the Space City! collective had made up its sometimes-collective mind weeks ago, and we've stuck by that decision.

In case you haven't guessed by now, Space City!, at the ripe old age of three and a half years, is folding. This is the last issue. I mean *the* last, no second thoughts, no surprise resurrections. We're not turning over the name to anyone, we're not "selling out," and wouldn't, even if we had a prospective buyer.

Since we announced our decision last week, people have been calling, curious and sympathetic. They often say things like, "Well, it's too bad you couldn't have kept on going," but I'm always tempted to say, "Why, not at all." In fact, folding seems like the single best idea we've had all summer. We've gone about as far as we logically can with this project. We've wanted to do more with it, to do everything a little better, but, for many reasons, that wasn't possible, and stopping seems an immensely wise move at this point.

For one thing, each of the Space City! regular staff members is now free to pursue new projects, some of which may be journalistic. And, there are other reasons why our decision, we think, is the correct one, a voluntary decision reached independent of pressure from any external forces.

But, if you're interested to know why we're folding now, you have to understand why we started in the first place, and what happened after we did. So, a little background.

Space City! (then Space City News, altered about a year later because a UFO newsletter already had registered our original choice of names) published its first issue June 5, 1969. That issue, and the ones that followed every other week after that, were made possible by about \$1,000 in reluctant contributions, the bounty of a few generous souls like Francis Yeager, our first landlord, a lot of revolutionary zeal and a collective of six people (Cam Duncan, Susan Mithun Duncan, Judy Fitzgerald, Dennis Fitzgerald, Thorne Dreyer and me, Victoria Smith).

Although it really wasn't so long ago, things were very different in the summer of 1969. Or so it seems to me: I suppose there are those who imagine that things are quite the same, but my life, and the lives of many around me, have gone through substantial changes in those three years.

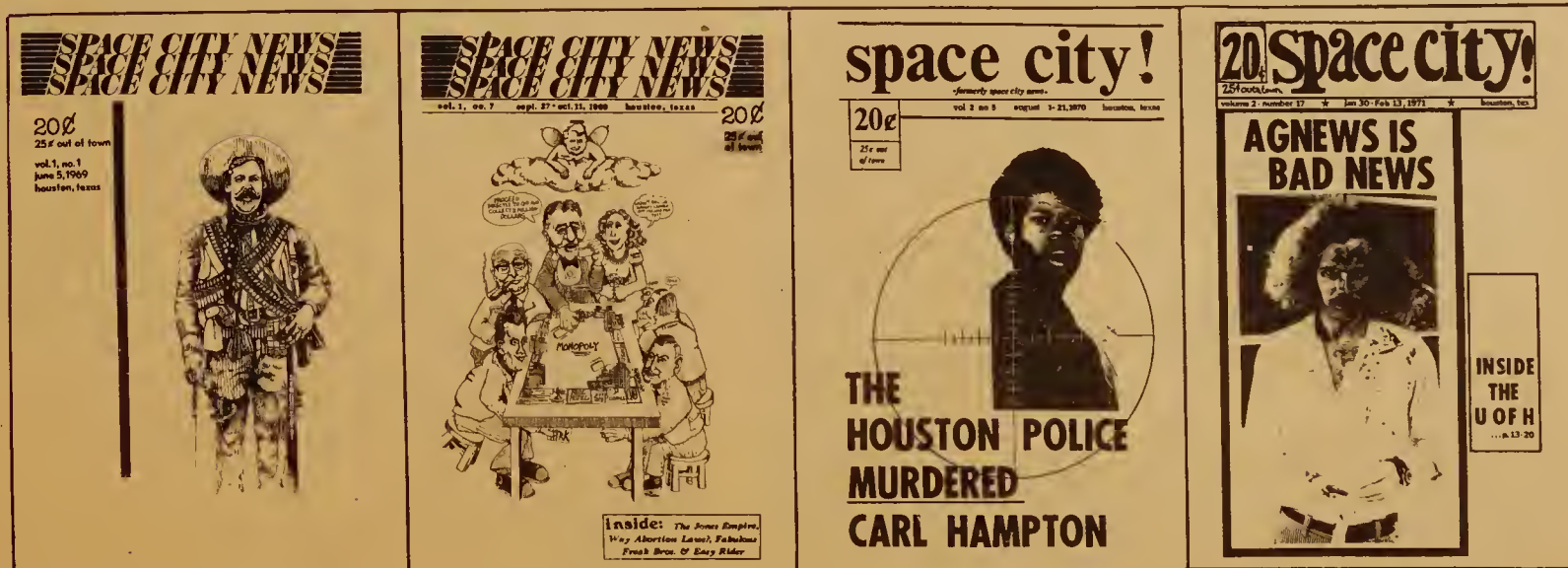
In 1969, there was such a thing as a "movement," there was a burgeoning counter-culture that seemed at times almost on the verge of "taking over," there was such a word as "revolution," and the Black Panther Party was going to lead it. It is hard to say now whether the movement and all that was really as influential and consuming as it seemed at the time, because for people like us it was simply Life. Our radicalism grew not out of some peculiar notion of stylish rebellion, but out of a sense of frustration and anger at the real economic and social injustices in the world.

(I have been thinking quite a bit lately about the old New Left, neo-Marxist movement, and I believe that it is impossible for me to communicate to "outsiders" what it really was all about, at least not in these few pages. It was a thoroughly exclusive, intimate experience, something beyond political rhetoric and demonstrations, or even life-style.)

At any rate, because we were radicals, perceiving the world in a certain way, and because we believed both in community and communication, and because there wasn't one already, we started an "underground" newspaper in Houston, Texas. Virgin territory for almost any alternative institution. They told us it couldn't be done. We, of course, did it. Never once did *we* think it couldn't be done, and, as Dennis Fitzgerald suggests elsewhere in this issue, it's a damn good thing we didn't stop to think about it, because if we had accessed the situation in Houston at that time *realistically*, we'd all probably have split for the four corners of the world.

Houston was a very quiet, but very uptight, place that year. I guess it always had been. The city seemed to be victim of wildly uneven growth patterns: economically, things were good, developing rapidly; but socially, culturally, the city was stagnant and backward. I don't mean simply that there wasn't a "movement" in Houston at that time, although *that* was noticeably lacking: it was just everything, the whole atmosphere, the arts, the old South mentality, the way everything

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# 37 Lessons about Media and Us

by Dave Crossley

*"Boy, if this Newspaper doesn't work, I don't know what will. I've tried everything: sand, kitty litter, everything."*

*— A fake letter in the trial edition of Newspaper, Houston, May 22, 1971.*

Last Sunday I counted them, and there are no fewer than 37 Important Lessons to be learned from the timely demise of Space City! As I remember, there were only 13 lessons after the implosion of the Houston Press, so perhaps the media in Houston are getting somewhere.

Unfortunately, it seems to take these collapses to learn anything, and each collapse deprives the citizenry of another information source. We now find ourselves in this supercity of the future with essentially nothing to read but the Houston Chronicle, the most scandalously run, irresponsible major publication I've ever had the misfortune to lay eyes on. Even the New York Daily News is more honest and straightforward. It is a sad state of affairs when you finish reading the Houston Post over breakfast and sit idly wishing the Chronicle came out in the morning.

Not that I want to imply that I felt Space City! was the most worthwhile publication in town. I have been irritated by the shallowness of much of its reporting, by the incredible errors, by the narrowness of its viewpoint and mostly by its inability to ever become consistently exciting in either appearance or substance. But the paper never made any bones about what its purpose was; for the most part it did a good job of what it was attempting to do. Then electoral politics came along, vague cultural awareness was born, and the newspaper came apart.

Quite literally. For some alienated staff members took the money and went away to start Mockingbird, establishing a curious organization that has resulted in brawls and yet another split over ownership and hierarchies. Perhaps the invasion of capitalism finished Space City! off.

Which is an indication of something larger that's happening. Pacifica is having the same problems, trying to decide how to give everybody more power

and influence and stature. I can hardly think of any alternative organization that is not suffering from power problems. Terminal factionalism seems to have that amorphous thing called The Movement by the throat.

One result of this has been more organizations. Mockingbird may continue and some of its writers and editors may start yet another street paper. People at Papel Chicano are into so many different projects they haven't published a paper in months.

There are not enough people to go around. The movement has become like the Federal Government, so splintered and redundant that nothing decent ever happens any more. Small groups of people speak to each other for hours at a time entirely in rhetoric. Hatred is growing. Criminal politicians in the city are completely ignored while people who want to destroy racism call each other racists. The news at Pacifica is not a coherent information source; women have a separate news program; Chicanos do the same thing.

And while everything is failing, people blame the populace of Houston for being apathetic. Yet the populace has no reliable information source that is capable of being fair (the Chronicle's front-page headline said McGovern's acceptance speech used the "Same Tired Phrases").

Perhaps because I have spent 13 years in media, I have a disproportionate view of its importance, but it seems to me now, as it has for 13 years, that Houston's number one problem is that it has absolutely no responsible media. Politicians can do anything, land deals that couldn't possibly happen under the gaze of even as crusty an old eye as The New York Times happen here every day. The poverty here is sickening, and Space City! devotes almost an entire issue to Cuba. Mockingbird concentrates on white freak issues.

When Space City! and Pacifica began, it seemed they would turn the city inside out. They would force the other media to honestly cover human problems by consistently exposing public crimes, municipal discrimination, dishonest and dangerous cops and all the thousand human aberrations that make life damn near impossible.

David Crossley speaking at rally during Pacifica strike last year. Photo by Thorne Dreyer.



But it never happened. When Pacifica and Space City! reporters come up with hard-information scandals, it is such a rare event that the other media pay no attention.

Nearly two years ago Nathan Fain, discouraged after working at the Post, disheartened after working at Pacifica, depressed by Space City!, made up his mind to start a weekly newspaper here, one that would take the honest and energetic approach that journalism students assume all newspapers take. The kind of newspaper you dream about.

In an incredibly intense six months, the trial issue, named Newspaper, was put together by a small group of dedicated people, from freaks to Chronicle writers to ex-Tribune writers. It was an amazing accomplishment. Newspaper contained Fain's fantastic interview with Police Chief Herman Short (ultimately reprinted in Space City!) an exclusive story about a Chicano family in which five children had their mental processes eaten away by lead poisoning from a factory, a comparison of Astroworld and the Vatican, a minutely researched article on the fading away of the Big Thicket, a story about the fire at the dump in which the firemen emerge as real people, comics, editorials, science articles, a story about Johnny Winter, intelligent fine arts reviews, a television column that was not about family entertainment and a complete listing of activities and goodies going on that weekend.

It was a good newspaper, a little schizophrenic in appearance and somehow incomplete, but a real indication that a decent paper was possible. It could have been put in general circulation, not just in Montrose, or just in the Fifth Ward, or just in Sharpstown, but everywhere. It was a city-wide paper.

Unfortunately, almost nobody ever saw it. The board of

directors, most of whom by that time had ascended nearly to godhood, decided to lock it up in a trailer behind Fain's house, not to let it out until the wealthy people they hoped would supply the capital for it could see it. Fain and the board, after a meeting to thank the staff for the test issue, refused to make any sort of commitment to the staff about future involvement.

Through the summer Fain and the Board tried and failed to raise the \$100,000 they felt was necessary to start publication. By that time, the staff had become so thoroughly disenamored that it watched that failure in spiteful glee.

Now Newspaper is a memory and Space City! is dead. The Houston Journalism Review is all there is, the only media focus in the city. And it, for all its admirable goals, has never lowered its sights from the heights of The Houston Chronicle Building to see that the once-promising new system of information distribution is fading away and that one of the most important stories of the decade — the collapse of the famed Movement as a result of intolerance and elitism — is happening right before their very eyes.

P.S. That is a dramatic ending. In real life, there seems more hope than ever that a thoughtful coalition of concerned and talented people might one day begin a media experiment in Houston that will change not the face of the city but the attitudes of the people within. All that remains is for idealistic journalists, photographers and artists to come together with honest and idealistic management people to set a common purpose and never forget what that purpose is.

(Dave Crossley has "spent 13 years in media", was to be editor of Newspaper, and is currently station manager at Pacifica radio.)



# The House Next Door

by Jeff Nightbyrd

MIAMI BEACH — It wasn't much of a house. Just one of those fading, paint-peeling, Montrose wooden affairs which rested next door to ours. There was a space underneath the front for the dogs to settle in the hot afternoon, a couple of quart Jax bottles as companions. The shrubs around it hadn't been trimmed in several years, and they grew all helter-skelter, providing good hiding places for insects and birds. Inside there was a faint smell of cat piss. No matter how hard the floor was scrubbed with miracle cleansers, the faint cat piss odor endured — a relic, I suppose, of some artist's or hippie's pet two or three dwellers removed.

For a while, Hayseed slept on a waterbed surrounded by psychedelic head comix in the front room. You could always find him there any time up till noon. Red-haired Marie, who had to be out every morning by eight for work, slept in back. Sometimes in the quiet of the late night when I lay restless blue, or with loneliness too heavy in my head, I would creep across the yard and knock on her screen. Marie would wake up groggily and I'd crawl through the window. We'd sleep together close and the existential anxiety would slip away till another day.

It wasn't much of a house. But one day Texas Art Supply which owned the land, bulldozed it down, leaving a huge flat scar. We had heard it was coming and called several times, but we always got a businessman, instead of an artist, who told us neighborhoods had to give way to parking lots and progress. For three days Thorne had nightmares that they were going to cut down the huge shade tree in the front yard, but the bulldozer only wounded it a couple of times. Afterwards, the grey-haired lady across the street who was even older than the tree, would stand on her lawn, staring at the gouged earth and shaking her head wearily.

Not much of a story. It's happening all over the Montrose. Businessmen tearing down houses, pouring cement, greedy for money and calling it progress.

They tell me in the year 2000 Houston is going to be larger than New York City. I hope not. All this thoughtless progress leads to disaster. In the Northeast, the electricity fails, the subways break down underground, the streets are filthy with unpicked-up garbage, the noise level reaches pollution stages causing constant edginess, and many days you can't breathe the air. New Yorkers joke that they don't trust breathing air they can't see. It's gallows humor.

Unplanned growth is a cancer. It may create profits, but it destroys the goodness in a place to live. The mentality of the powerful in Houston is more skyscrapers instead of trees, freeways and cars instead of buses and bicycles, more commodities, more consumerism. The connections Texans once had with the land are forgotten in a mad mindless rush for more and more. It's the mentality of being Number One. It's a view which sees life's worth in quantity rather than quality.

The alternative community is at a stage of resistance, because in Houston, unlike New York, the old business mentality is operating in a boomtown. When you get some distance away, it's clear that apathy prevails because individuals have a sense of powerlessness. Hip culture smells of defeat, and remains in the beatnik withdrawal of the '50's rather than the activist engagement of the '60's. Space City! and other things failed because too many people laid back beatnik-style while wishing them luck.

Luck doesn't change things. Building a strong community and culture does. Farenthold's victory in Houston proved that there is a basis for a coalition of forces for change. But electoral politics doesn't build for the future; it's too tied to an individual and the time limits of the campaign. People who are worried by Space City!'s demise should work for everything from bikeways and food co-ops to anti-war actions and music at Liberty Hall. It's all related.

Until people realize that there's a better future in getting together, rather than in downers and escapism, then more cars will clog the streets, the hot air will get harder to breathe, people will feel more isolated and businesses like Texas Art Supply will tear down the Montrose to build plastic apartment houses and parking lots.

I admit it wasn't much of a house next door, and it did smell of cat piss, but it represented life.

*(Jeff Nightbyrd is organizing for the Youth International Party in Miami Beach. In a previous incarnation, he was known as Jeff Shero, did the late nite show on Pacifica and contributed to Space City! Jeff, Dennis and Judy Fitzgerald, and Thorne Dreyer, were all founders of The Rag in Austin and Jeff went on to start Rat in New York.)*



Ron Jarvis, former Space City! contributor and manager of Brazos St. News, peers through a bullet hole. Nightriders shot up the shop, which was a Space City! distribution center. Photo by Thorne Dreyer.

## Justice Pending And Depending

by Mitch Green

Justice has always depended as much on who you are as on what you did, so now, a moment to consider the case of justice for Klansmen in Houston . . .

*The vulgar Space City hippie-type, underground newspaper fifth sheet of Houston recently ceased publication; with its death come cheers of delight from the community's decent citizens who have become irate with that papers degeneracy and with the adverse effects it has had on the youth of our city . . . Let us examine the activities of some of the undesireables who complemented Space City's staff, symps, and associates. KBI (Klan Bureau of Investigation) leads give the RAT SHEET reason to believe that these misfits, biocruds, and outpourings of a cesspool are now using their money to stockpile arms and ammunition with which to instigate a revolution . . ."*

— from THE RAT SHEET, No. 1, APRIL 1970

Last year at this time Assistant Dist. Atty. Warren White had just finished a Grand Jury investigation into terrorism in Houston. By the time the indictments finally came down almost everyone left of Louie Welch had been hit at least once. The Space City! offices got bullets and crossbows; the Socialist Workers Party got bullets and a bomb; Pacifica Radio got one bomb, then another; the Black Panthers got automatic weapons fired into their office and the Carl Hampton Free Clinic; Fred Brode of the Houston Committee to End the War got so many bullets he put sandbags in front of his house, but that didn't deter an attempted arson. The Family Hand Restaurant got black powder bombs and the Sport Cycle Shop was attacked because it sold Czech bicycles. There were many others.

The police response to all this late night activity was summed up by Inspector Harold Caldwell: "I wouldn't say that the inability to solve a case involving a car that speeds out of the night and shoots into a building and plows off into a city with a million two hundred fifty thousand people, 456 square miles, when you have a third of the police officers you should have is unusual."

To those who were bombed and shot at it seemed as if it had taken wholesale doses of embarrassing publicity and a national media blitz using network television, radio and both national newsweeklies in

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## CIA and the Heroin Trade

by Charles "Scoop" Sweeney

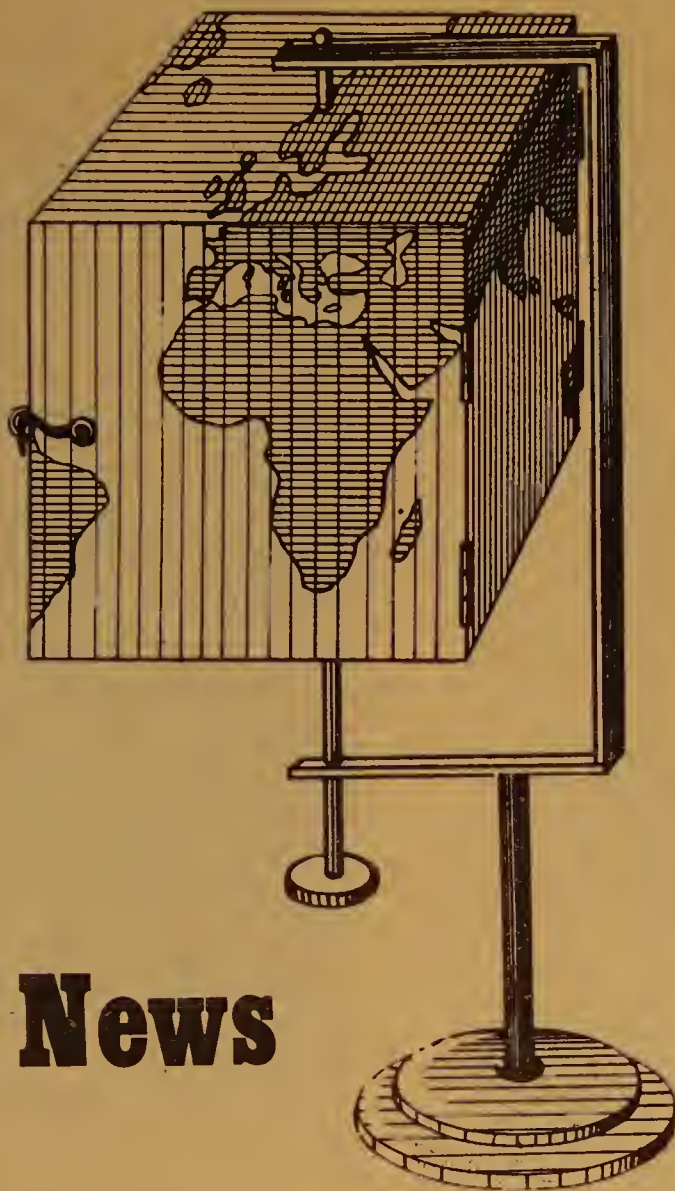
For the third time in as many years, the Central Intelligence Agency has been charged with supporting the international heroin trade.

In 1970, Ramparts magazine charged CIA participation in the heroin trade in Southeast Asia. Last year Earth magazine made the same charges and went so far as to file a class action suit against the CIA. The suit, in behalf of all Vietnam veterans addicted to heroin, charged that the Central Intelligence Agency took an active part in the Southeast Asia smack trade.

The July issue of Harper's magazine contains an article by Alfred W. McCoy, a doctoral candidate at Yale. McCoy's article is based on extensive research among the mountain hamlets of Northern Laos and personal conversations with former Laotian generals. He charges that the CIA is actively supporting the heroin trade in Indochina.

The Harper's article makes basically the same allegations as those published by Earth magazine. McCoy charges that Air America, a Southeast Asian contract air service, regularly flies opium shipments out of Laos into other Southeast Asian countries on contract for the CIA. Air America has openly admitted that a majority of its business is in the form of CIA contracts.

McCoy traveled extensively a-



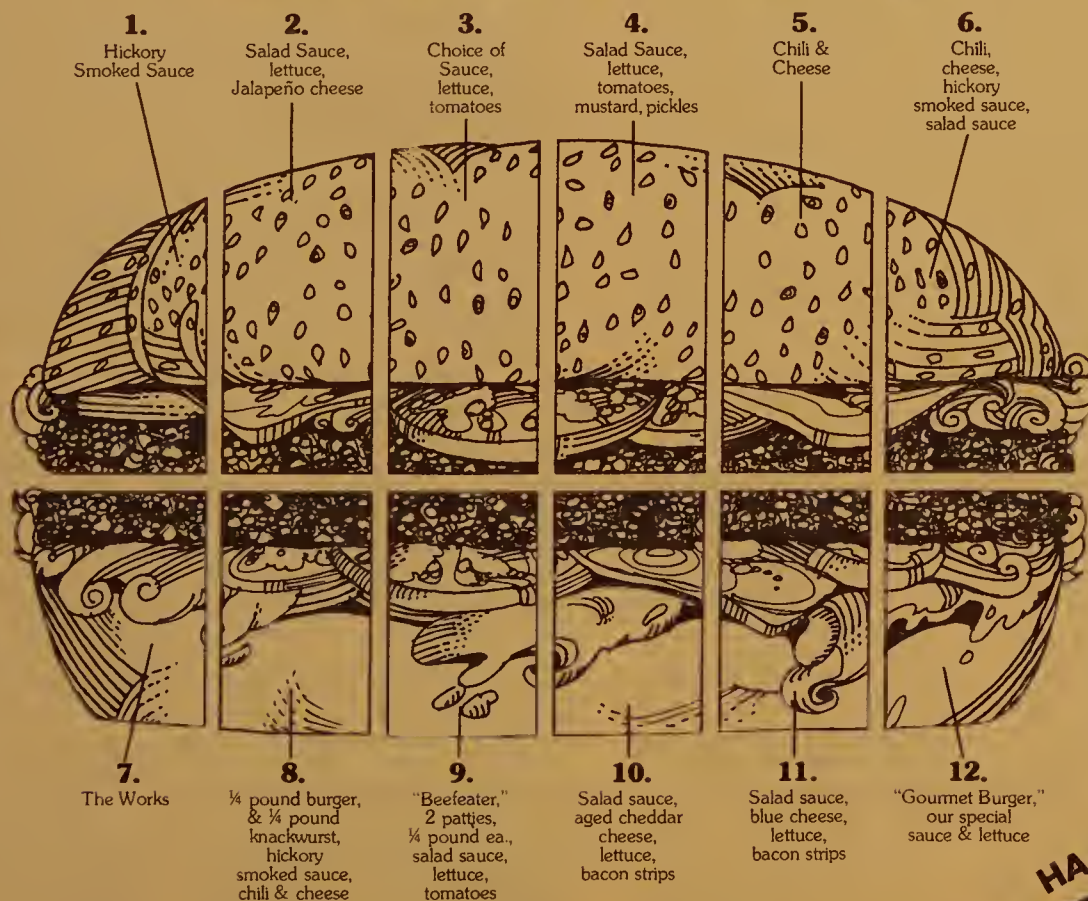
mong the villages of the Meo tribes in the mountains of Laos. In each village he encountered the same story. Meo tribesmen told of Air America planes or helicopters landing in their villages. CIA officers would disembark and spend several days in each village, buying up all the opium (opium is the principal cash crop of the Meo villagers). When the CIA agents had purchased all the opium, they would radio for their plane, which would fly in, load the opium and fly off in the direction of Long Chen.

McCoy encountered this same story in village after village.

In one interview, with the retired head of the Royal Laotian Army, McCoy learned of the extensive involvement of not only the CIA but the various Asian governments in the dope trade. A former Laotian Army chief, in a lengthy interview, openly admitted that he had traded in opium with CIA assistance for years. He even went so far as to provide McCoy with documented evidence of his activities in the dope trade in 1963-64. Asked about Air America's involvement, the retired general said, "Oh, yes, yes, of course, there's no doubt that Air America is involved in the traffic."

McCoy also related the story of the former commander of the Royal Laotian Air Force, who was relieved of his command because he had refused to carry opium shipments for some of the high ranking generals in the Laotian Army. The former Air

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Wives and daughters of Dow strikers demonstrate in Freeport.

Force officer is now working in Bangkok for Air France, having made himself very unwelcome in his native country by his actions (or inaction, as the case may be).

Alfred McCoy's charges and information have been presented to Congressional investigating committees in Washington. What action was taken? "I expected that they would at least move to an investigation," McCoy said. "So far, they've been extremely reticent. The administration (Nixon administration) has put enormous pressure on the Congress not to raise the issue of drugs in Southeast Asia."

"I have concluded that they (Nixon's administration) are aware that this issue is so politically sensitive that the political consequences for the Nixon administration war policy would be so damaging that the American people would cease to believe anything they said."

McCoy claims that the CIA is "doing their damndest" to suppress publication of his book which contains more information on American involvement in the drug traffic in Southeast Asia. The CIA has asked the publisher, Harper and Row, to submit the manuscript for review by the agency. "It's a very good chance," McCoy said, "that the book will be suppressed."

#### Woman Power Zapping Dow

LAKE JACKSON—Eight unions representing some 3,400 employees of the Dow Chemical Company at Freeport voted overwhelmingly June 23 to turn down the proposed contract offered by Dow management and to go on strike. As the strike enters its sixth week, no progress has been made toward settle-

ment.

The disagreement centers upon language in the proposed contract which would give the company the right to contract out certain jobs which have traditionally been handled by union personnel. Union leaders fear that such language would open the door to a gradual elimination of organized labor at Dow plants.

Gayle Wineriter, a representative of the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service, called representatives of the union and company back to the bargaining table on July 20, but two days of talks produced no break in the deadlock.

One interesting feature of the strike has been the participation of the wives and daughters of the striking union men. Several mass demonstrations have been staged by the women at the main entrance to the Dow administration building. Usually a thousand or more strong, the women march back and forth across the entrance carrying signs and chanting appropriate slogans.

When not marching, the wives devote their time to preparing food and coffee for their male counterparts who walk the pickets around the clock. Efforts are underway to gather clothing for the union members' children, who will be returning to school shortly.

Rosa Walker of the State AFL-CIO office in Austin has visited Freeport on several occasions over the last couple of weeks and has come away amazed at the tremendous job the women are doing. "This is the best organized strike I have ever seen," Walker told an audience of union people in Angleton on July 19. "99 per cent of the battle is the support of the ladies who are backing the

strike."

Most people in the Brazosport area agree that the involvement of the women has generated a spirit which has not been present in the past strikes. Many believe that this may result in greater involvement by the women of Brazoria County in other areas, once the strike is settled. Already some are saying that political office seekers might do well to heed the strength inherent in the organization which has formed as a result of the strike.

—Vaughan Stewart

#### Dining with Ralph

Having lost the last two Democratic primaries he entered for the U.S. Senate, and having incurred an \$87,000 debt in the most recent one, old Ralph asked some people to eat a meal together and help him out a little bit. (Some good talkers gonna be there at the head table.)

Well, Thursday evening about 700 people gathered in Albert Thomas Convention Center to honor Sen. Yarborough for his more than 30 years of public service to the people of Texas. It wasn't for common folk (for what common folk can afford \$25 for a dinner?), but it was evident that, though the theme was party unity and victory in November, the people were there to pay their respects to the man Ronnie Dugger called the "father of the liberal cause in Texas." A lot of people still believe in that cause, it seems.

John Kenneth Galbraith, the guest speaker, picked up on that theme. With his fine mind and quick wit, he took what was to be a eulogy and made it instead an ode to new politics — a politics nurtured by Yarborough,

a politics "no longer believing that we have a special mission to mount guard everywhere in the third world, a politics that no longer believes that the present distribution of income, wealth, and privileges in the United States is the answer, but instead realizes that economic growth must be consistent with a larger conception of economic well-being."

While Galbraith, Sissy Farenthold and Barbara Jordan blew on the McGovern flag and national issues, Ronnie Dugger (publisher of the Texas Observer) and U.S. Rep. Bob Eckhardt, spoke of the bridge that Ralph helped to create in Texas between this new era and the old one when there just weren't any other liberals around, other than L.B.J. or course.

Ralph rapped too. (It was said that he had a six minute prepared speech, but when the spotlights were shown on him he couldn't see it and spoke spontaneously for ten.) The people there showed their appreciation.

Then the paying people got up and did the "how nice it is to be here and see you here." One woman said something about regretting that people in her precinct, part black and part chicano, weren't able to come. And that statement stood with some of us asking why the shit there have to be \$25 dinners and even, why such campaign debts for seeking public office. The new politics still has a long way to go.

Ralph did a "good day's work" in everyday terms and so deserved a good meal. But we agree with Galbraith and the woman whose neighbors couldn't afford to come — the redistribution of food and politics is now a national issue.

—diane and al morin



# What a Pretty Bird!

by Robert Finlay

Herbert sat at his beat up old desk in the beat up old office of the beat up old building, and his hands were shaking as he poured the third cup of coffee into his stomach, and outside the sky was gray, and inside he had the Monday morning got-to-go-to-work hungover blues.

And at 8 a.m. he had been at the Municipal

Court to get a guy out because he could not afford to pay \$400 in traffic ticket fines, and while Herbert was making a bleary-eyed but impassioned plea for the man's freedom, the Judge had burped eggs and cigar smoke and denied the prisoner's motion, but it was okay with Herbert since the guy's hooker girlfriend had already laid the fee on him for the case.

Later, through the sticky morning haze, Herbert walked to his office and sat, or rather slumped, at his desk and drank coffee and nearly nodded out. Through his alcohol-scoured mind ran the memory of the hooker's stories.

"So this guy comes into the club, see, and I spotted him for a trick right off, you know, one of those conventioners with a name tag and a wad of bills in his pocket, so I did my dance and teased him with the twirlers, and he called me over and bought \$75 worth of champagne and told me he'd give me two and a half for the trick."

Just then Big Darla came in and sat in the beat up old chair next to Herbert's desk and looked at him and said: "Herbert, your eyes look bad," and Herbert blinked and answered, "You think they look bad to you, you should see them from the inside!"

"I nearly kicked the bucket this week" Darla said, waving a "no thank you" as Herbert offered her his cup of coffee. "It was because of my tooth." She pulled back the edge of her mouth with a finger, displaying a row of gold-filled stalagmites. "I went to a doctor and he gave me some nimbutal. They must have been 100 milli-

## Natural Cures for the Munchies

Although Space City! is bowing out . . . natural food cooking is coming on stronger than ever. The number of natural food stores in Houston has practically doubled in the past year.

Since moving to Houston from New Jersey last fall I have visited a majority of the health and natural food stores here. They all have some of the same products but each store generally has its own group of unique products. It's worth a visit to practically every natural and organic food store to find out for yourself what items they have. This is also true from the standpoint of price and quality.

There are generally two types of health and natural food stores. One is the "Health Food Store" which is the original concept and can be distinguished by the fact that it carries an extensive line of vitamins, supplements and pre-packaged foods. A good example of this would be American Health Foods Co., which has several stores here. Others that would fall into this category are Ye Seekers Herb and Health Shoppe, known for its in-depth inventory of cosmetics, vitamins and supplements and Pam's Health Food & Vitamins, which has one of the more complete selections of organically grown meats and vegetables.

The natural, or whole food, store is the second type and one that has come on the scene in the past few years, somewhat changing the image of the standard health store. It is distinguished by a more earthy, personal feeling about the store. The feeling of the big business retail store is absent. (The standard merchandising techniques are abandoned for a more individual, personalized concept.) These stores usually carry a much smaller line of supplements and concentrate on staple food items such as grains, dried beans, herbal teas and so on.

Tao Whole Foods at 15 Waugh is this second type of store. It carries one of the better selections of whole grains and imported foods. It is both a retail and wholesale store.

Another example are the two Green Acres Organic Food Stores on Westheimer. They carry many natural foods and feature their own whole grain breads and granola.

Several years ago when I lived in the East, I was the food editor for a small weekly newspaper. It was at that time that I began cooking with organic, natural and whole grain foods. I also began to think seriously about opening my own natural food store. In my years of shopping health food stores I had the uncomfortable feeling that one should have some kind of health disorder or dietetic problem in order to frequent these establishments. With their sterile atmospheres, white uniformed clerks and uninteresting merchandising, I believed that a store carrying natural and organic foods should not resemble a pharmacy. Super Natural Food at 663 Westbury Square is the result of those original thoughts that I began to have several years ago.

I like to think that Super Natural Food has gone a step further in helping to change the sterile image of health food stores. It is a combination natural food store and quality meat market (Steaks & Spice). It is two separately owned food stores under one roof. This co/operative venture is based on my non-vegetarian philosophy. (Meat consumed in small quantities is beneficial provided it is of the best quality.)

Super Natural Food tries to reflect a country store atmosphere. We feature a good selection of basic grains, sold in bulk, along with many dried fruits, nuts, seeds and our own special beef jerky. One unique aspect of our store is that we carry wine. Wine is recognized as one of the most natural foods in existence. So while it may seem

8 : Space City!

unusual, there is really nothing very strange about wine in a natural food store.

Being a former food editor I had the opportunity to collect recipes and experiment with many different foods. For those people who have recently developed an interest in cooking with natural foods here are copies of some of the more popular recipes available at the store. These recipes offer nutritional value as well as ease of preparation.

### TABOULY (or Taboul:) Salad

- 1 cup organic bulgar wheat
- 1 cup finely chopped parsley
- 1/2 cup finely chopped onion
- 1/3 cup fresh lemon juice
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1/3 cup olive oil
- 2 Tblsp. dried, crushed mint
- 2 medium tomatoes, finely chopped

Place wheat in bowl and add 2 cups boiling water. Let set 2 hrs. or until all the water is absorbed. Add all remaining ingredients and refrigerate at least one hour before serving. Serve cold or warm.

### STEAMED BROWN BREAD

Mix:

- 1 cup rye flour
  - 1 cup corn meal
  - 1 cup whole wheat flour
  - 2 tsp. baking soda
  - 1 tsp. salt
- stir in:
- 3/4 cup molasses
  - 2 cups sour milk (1 T. vinegar to 1 c. milk)
  - 1/2 cup wheat germ

Beat well. Fill greased coffee cans 2/3 full. Lay waxed paper over top and secure with rubber band. Place on a rack in a large pot. Add hot water to pot, making sure it does not touch the coffee cans. Cover pot with a lid and steam on top of the stove for 3 hours. Remove bread from cans after 20 minutes of cooling.

### MUFFINS

- 2 eggs
- 6 Tblsp. vegetable oil
- 1-1/2 cups meal (combination of wholegrain wheat, corn meal and rye flour)
- 2-1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 2 Tblsp. honey
- 3/4 tsp. salt

Beat eggs. Add milk, honey and oil. Sift the meal, adding baking powder and salt. Add dry ingredients to liquid, stirring only to dampen the meal (do not beat). Grease muffin pans and fill 2/3 full with batter. Bake at 425 degrees for about 20 minutes.

— Karen Griffin



gram hits, and I was suppose to take only one a day, but the pain was so bad that I took about six in four hours. Next thing I knew, my roommate had me at an emergency room. She said I had almost stopped breathing and was vomiting. If I would have taken another one, I probably would have died."

"Downers got Marilyn Monroe," Herbert said, "she just went to sleep and her lungs stopped pumping."

"It's scary."

"Yeah."

"But I still had to go to the dentist," Darla said, "and he was unreal! He was this 60 year old schmuck out in Bellaire, and I went into his office because my tooth was killing me. He sat me in a chair and jabbed me with this big needle full of novicaine. It went into my palate, and my right ear went to sleep, then he stuck me again and my right eye went dead, and I mean it's really a trip having a numb eyeball. Four times he stuck me, and everything on my face was asleep but my tooth, but he kept telling me that it was really numb, but I knew better because it still hurt."

Then he came at me with a scapel. He was going to cut the tooth out, not pull it, and he looked like a fiend with that silly reflector stuck to his head, and I figured if he couldn't even give a shot, he wasn't about to start cutting on me, so I got up, numb kisser and all and fought my way out of there. He wanted \$10 for the shots, but I told him he was crazy and left."

"Is your tooth okay now?"

"It's fine. I used the old doorknob string method and it came right out."

"What's been happening at the radio station while you've been gone?"

"Nothing. No one's opened a letter or anything. They were too busy being celebrities even to send the deposits to the bank. I'm going to laugh when the lights go out."

Big Darla had to go, and she left, and a girl with long hair, a ruffled blouse, blue jeans, and a baby came in and asked Herbert if he was Mr. Delta, the lawyer, and he plead guilty, and the girl and the baby sat themselves in the chair next to his desk and the girl said: "I called you last week about a divorce."

"Right," Herbert said, and tried to look alert.

"I want it as soon as possible," she said.

Herbert nodded and asked her the standard questions about dates of marriage and separation and community property, and as he did so, he watched the baby open and close its hands and smile and look at the ceiling in a glassy-eyed way with eyes the same evening shade of gray as its mother's, and the girl had skin like the baby's, blemishless, and lovely features and a kind soft voice, and after a spell of being a legal robot, Herbert put down his pen and looked at the girl, who was 19 and said: "Isn't there some way you and your husband can get back together? You have a beautiful child, and you seem like you'd be easy to get along with."

"He's a creep," she answered.

Herbert rubbed his face with his palm and thought the day was only half gone, he could feel the whiskers pushing themselves onto his cheeks and the coffee made his mouth taste stale. He wanted to talk to the girl about trees and rain and nature and lions on the savannahs of Africa, but what was he but a funky bureaucrat, and it was not his place to explain how things should be because he was not God and he did not believe in Him, and even if he did, he would have adhered to the Bungle Theory: it being that God meant well when He planned everything, but bungled the job, and the girl wrote Herbert a check for a retainer, and he was pleased and she and the baby left, and he began considering lunch.

Just as he was about to struggle down to the Soul Food cafe (it being a counter and fan and jukebox and charging the lowest price in town for the heapingest plate of food and meeting the overhead by allowing a member of the cooking crew occasionally to drop a paper on those in need) a young man with nedneck cropped hair, two children held by an older woman, demanded of Herbert's secretary, strangely silenced that day by either blue pills or a night of hard strapping sex (Herbert's deduction), that she allow him to see an attorney at once.

Herbert thought of the hooker; of her dark hair and light skin. "Right then I should've known something was wrong. Tricks just don't buy that much champagne and offer you two and a half without having spiders up their sleeves, but after all that champagne, I figured, 'What the Hell,' and we went to a hotel and checked in. I thought it'd be the ordinary, you know, man on top



Vietnam position, but he made me take off my clothes and put on those old fashioned black stockings with garters and make myself up with dark red lipstick and rough like a kewpie doll.

"I got to see a lawyer, *right now*," the man insisted, and thrust his hand forward to Herbert, who had been daydreaming. "My name is Earnest Earnest and my wife done given me a dose of gonorrhea." His voice was loud and he talked very rapidly. "That's my mother there, taking care of the kids. She got a divorce last year."

One of the children, a boy aged 10, pulled away from his grandmother. "I'm hungry!"

"Be still, Little Floyd," the Grandmother said. "We've got to go to the doctor's first so daddy can get some *shots*!"

"We want to keep the kids," Earnest said. "I'm afraid my wife is going to try to run off to Baton Rouge with them. I don't want a divorce, but I don't want her running off with the kids."

"You need an injunction."

"Yeah, and custody of the kids."

"For that you have to show she's an unfit mother," Herbert explained.

"Well, my God, she give me and her boyfriend both a dose of gonorrhea. I been dripping and burning! I've done plenty of bad stuff in my days, but I never gave her no gonorrhea."

"What's gonorrhea, Grandma?" Little Floyd asked.

"Hush."

"See what my wife's done to 'em!" Earnest shouted. "She even took 'em with her to see the guy! Is that right or not?"

The man raved on, and the words beat against the inside of Herbert's head like beans against a hollowed out turtle shell. To tone down the decibels, he took out his form and became the bureaucrat. The barrage of verbosity continued for an hour, however, before Herbert could convince Earnest that the Courts would keep the wife from taking the kids, Little Floyd and Sally Louise, out of the jurisdiction to Louisiana.

"I got your word on that?" Earnest asked.

"Absolutely."

When they left, the phone rang, and the secretary told Herbert that he had a call on line one. The receiver felt greasy as he lifted it, and his head hurt, and his stomach had shriveled into a deflated whelp of hunger.

"Are you a lawyer?" asked a faraway female voice.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Maybe you can help me then," the lady said wheezingly. "My name is Amantha Meek, and I have been bedridden for the past two years because I have malignant cancer of the colon. The doctor told me I had only a few months to live, and my husband is so disappointed because I keep on living despite the terminal disease that last night he beat me up so badly that I can't move. I'm afraid he's going to come back and do it again before I can get some help. You see, I haven't paid the phone bill, and they said they were going to pull it out, and I haven't eaten or had my medicine in two days. My husband has been acting this way for some time now, and I need some advice. Do you think I need a divorce?"

Herbert put his head down on his desk and laughed and cried, and when he had his wits together, he told the lady to call the police and that he would recommend a divorce and that he would do it for free. His stomach was rumbling like summer thunder, and he thought of the hooker.

"So after I was all dressed up like a kewpie doll, he sat me in a chair, and I had to look at him and say over and over, 'What a pretty bird.' 'What a pretty bird!' while he jumped around the room naked, waving his arms and shoving a peacock feather in and out of his ass! What a job!"

"What a job!" Herbert said and went home.

Houston  
July 24, 1972

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August 3, 1972-00 : 9



# Platter Chatter Goes Nostalgic

by John M. Lomax

The last 20 months of Space City's existence saw a copious collection of concerts and other musical events — enough even to delight the eyehalls and eardrums of one jaded by constant exposure to Lightning Hopkins, Nancy Ames, the Rhodes Kids and Chico, the Chameleon-tongue. Houston found a new place to go — Liberty Hall — and that tidy old former Legionnaire hangout soon rocked and wailed to the strains of folks like Fred McDowell, John Lee Hooker, Willie Dixon, Mance Lipscomb, Big Mama Thornton, Lightning and Freddie King. These giants kicked off the Hall's music programs following C.C. Courtney's successful *Earl of Ruston*.

The Hall continues to hook consistent quality rock and blues music as well as to present Courtney's other dramatic efforts: the chilling *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* and the rockin' *Ripped 'n Wrinkled*. Chief musical coups in the past year include the Velvet Underground, Flying Burrito Brothers, Bobby "Blue" Bland, Doctor John, Cold Blood, Loggins and Messina, Osihisa, Jimmy Reed with Johnny Winter, Rocky Hill, Krackerjack, Rat Creek and Cheech 'n Chong.

We can't complain about a dearth of big concerts either, as the past months have afforded us with looks at Deep Purple, Wishbone Ash (three times), Spirit,



the Dillards, Alice Cooper, Eagles, Jo Jo Gunne, the Moody Blues, Jethro Tull, Yes, J. Geils twice), Traffic, Leon Russell (twice), the Faces with Rod Stewart, Elton John, Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, the Allman Brothers (twice), Quicksilver, Billy Preston, Brownsville Station, Sly and the Family Stone, the Staple Singers, Isaac Hayes, the Temptations, B.B. King, Ike and Tina Turner, Bo Diddley, Zephyr, Muddy Waters, Merry Clayton, the Mahavishnu Orchestra, Fleetwood Mac, Wayne Cochran, Jeff Beck, Bloodrock, Grand Funk, the Who, Boh Seger and of course, the Rolling Stones.

Don Sanders can now be taken home and enjoyed on record. He produced his own nifty, budget-priced disc, using Houston performers and production facilities. It is still available from Don at 18 Branard (77006) for \$2.50, including return postage. This is, of course, a mere pittance to shell out for Houston's finest musical storyteller.

Deerfield have produced their own record, *Nil Desperandum*, and it too is a thoroughly well-done job. ZZ Top and Navasota have current releases receiving critical acclaim. ZZ Top's "Francene" blasts out from car radios across town in tandem with "That's How it Is" from Navasota; two hard rockers that show the rest of this country some Bayou City boogie.

Dale Soffar, co-owner with Rex Bell of the Old Quarter, has expanded his nocturnal empire to include Irene's, a club behind the SPCA founded years ago

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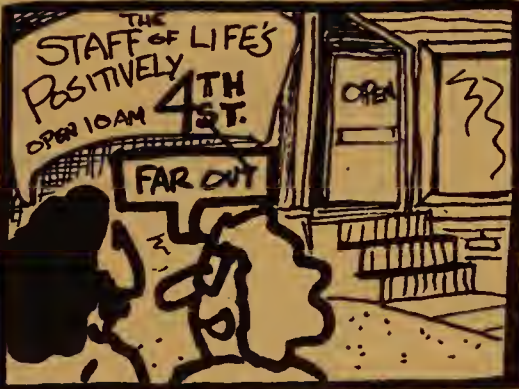
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by Clifton Chenier and Miss Irene. Dale and Rocky Hill are running the place now with five nights of music weekly often featuring Rocky himself, whose blues guitar keeps on getting darker.

Sand Mountain has held up well since its 1964 inception. Indeed, this launching pad for Townes Van Zandt, Guy Clark, Don Sanders, Frank Davis and Carolyn Terry has reached a level of sophistication allowing it to offer alcoholic beverages to the clientele.

Sandee's, a friendly pub near South Park and OST's conjunction, features local groups on weekends, as does the resurrected Love Street. Shucks kids, you can even go to the Metropolitan Theater every two weeks for midnight rock concerts.

But if we've had our victories, we've also suffered some setbacks. Of Our Own staggered to a bitter end, a victim of failing community support. Police enforcement/harassment at concerts continued, culminating in the Stones' appearance marked by no violence yet with 81 arrested for alleged infractions. A near riot at the Traffic concert engendered broken glass, hard feelings and panic among city fathers who reacted by closing the Coliseum and Music Hall to rock. Hofheinz complied also for the month cooling-off period, after which things went on as before with no more serious altercations.

We gained a potential super-group for a brief time during 1971, but Rat Creek soon split for Colorado when they ran out of places to perform. They're now in Nashville, signed for their first record to be produced by Tony Figlio, a member of Epic's production ranks.

Love Street folded up again, Pacifica has endured many crises and in a lot of ways things have stayed the same. At every concert I go to there are thousands of strangers, sticking tightly to their assigned bits of chair and their anonymity, united in the music, yet disparate in their alienation from fellow travelers. People who dance get gawked at, there's little sharing of joints among strangers and it's been many a moon since I was last hustled outside the arena (grass, acid, speed, etc!). No one goes crazy anymore; everyone seems on the verge of a good nod-out. Wake up folks, you're kids but once; you won't be able to get away with outrageousness as easily when those dark days of the over-30 capture you forever. "Shout, shout, knock yourself out."

K101 and KAUM soothe ruffled feathers between concerts very well, particularly 101 whose less rigid playlists spring many a surprise. Mayo Thompson's shows on Pacifica also feature intelligent programming. And there's always KILT, KNUZ and KYOK to keep in touch with the best going on.



The Allman Brothers Band

Locally, bands like the Bloontz All Stars, Leatherwood, Axis, Denim, Rattlesnake, Deerfield and Rocky Hill are all available and all recommended, along with, I'm sure, a greater number of groups I haven't heard yet. Resident masters like Don Sanders, Lightning, Johnny Winter, Juke Boy Bonner, Bobby Bland, Townes Van Zandt, Ivory Semien and Frank Davis display their craft from time to time, and there are rising stars to view like the Rockin' Blue Diamonds and Bruiser Barton.

Though real change may seem far away, it must be remembered that 1972 was a year of almosts. We almost dumped Louie Welch and Herman Short and we almost elected Frances Farenthold governor. Even if we do have Dolph Briscoe to decipher, this is balanced by the ouster of Preston "Fathead" Smith, slimy Ben Barnes, greasy Gus Mutscher and a good many other legislators who now realize that state government is for the people and not a kind of clubhouse of the elite.

Since these ramblings began in September there have been 273 reviews published — 230 composed by yours truly, the rest the product of creative inspiration and dedicated effort from Tom Flowers, Scout Schacht, and Mike Fletcher. As you mourn Space City's passing, if you do, you might try to find another newspaper anywhere in the country which has averaged 27 reviews per month. I'll probably continue this work with Mockingbird but for me it won't be the same. I was around when Space City! began and indeed had an article in the second issue.

It's a little early for a windup of the year's musical output but since this is a last issue I'll list my favorites for the first seven months of this year: (Selections marked with a star \* are my personal favorites among the 30).

- |                                |                        |
|--------------------------------|------------------------|
| <i>Into the Purple Valley</i>  | Ry Cooder              |
| <i>All the Good Times</i>      | Nitty Gritty Dirt Band |
| <i>Gooduns</i>                 | King Biscuit Boy       |
| <i>Music from True Vine</i>    | Mike Seeger            |
| * <i>Blue Oyster Cult</i>      | Blue Oyster Cult       |
| <i>Sailin' Shoes</i>           | Little Feat            |
| <i>Teenage Licks</i>           | Stone the Crows        |
| * <i>Eat a Peach</i>           | Allman Bros.           |
| <i>Sittin' In</i>              | Loggins & Messina      |
| * <i>Rio Grande Mud</i>        | ZZ Top                 |
| <i>Merrimack County</i>        | Tom Rush               |
| * <i>Don Sanders</i>           |                        |
| * <i>In Search of Space</i>    | Hawkwind               |
| <i>History of Eric Clapton</i> |                        |
| * <i>Dreams</i>                | High Country           |
| * <i>McKendree Spring 3</i>    | Paul Butterfield       |
| <i>Golden Butter</i>           |                        |
| <i>Jeff Beck Group</i>         |                        |

- \* *Roots and Branches*
- J Henry Burnett*
- Last of the Red Hot Burritos*
- Doc Watson*
- Texas Cannonball*
- \* *Rise & Fall of Ziggy Stardust*
- Argus*
- Castles*
- Paintings*
- Rootin'*
- \* *Strikin' in Rich*
- \* *Captain Beyond*

- Dillards
- Flying Burrito Brothers
- Freddy King
- David Bowie
- Wishbone Ash
- Joy of Cooking
- Mike Quatro
- Navasota
- Don Hicks & the Hot Licks

As you can see, so far it has not been an outstanding year. There's been no lack of quality releases, but there have been no real blockbusters either. We seem overdue for a new superstar; Elvis surfaced in 1956, Dylan in 1963 and the Stones and Beatles in 1964-5. Since then there's been no clearcut movement in rock, although acid rock, country-rock, Jesus rock and shock rock have all been touted as the new direction. The deaths of Al Wilson, Jimi Hendrix, Brian Jones, Janis Joplin, Jim Morrison and Duane Allman were serious losses, for these six were either superstars or rapidly on their way. Now things are in a general flux with the Stones apparently stale, the Airplane gradually disintegrating, the Dead over their acid phase and into a softer sound that doesn't zing you out there as far, Dylan inactive and the Beatles issuing four times the records they used to with about one fourth the quality on each.

To replace the giants we are offered only midjets: Grand Funk, Black Sabbath, Jackson Five, Alice Cooper, James Taylor, Carole King and countless combinations of Crosby, Stills, Young and Nash. With that kind of fare available it is little wonder that downers are pickin' off good brothers and sisters like a vile plague. When it is easier to score smack, reds or quays than hash, weed, acid or even speed then you know dark dog days have descended. Down with downers; if you want to turn yourself into the human equivalent of a bean bag chair that is, I guess, your bag; just realize that you've given up the battle against the misguided toads who direct this world. How much easier to have your way when your adversary is in a stupor.

Don't mind me. It is just hard to say goodbye. Mention should be made of the various record companies, promoters, publicity men and otherwise who have made it possible for me to hear records and attend concerts free. My heartfelt thanks to Henry Withers, Al Matthias, Grelun Landon, Bruce Williams, Lulah Sims, Bill Roberts, Mark Gangl, Maureen, Irving Woolsey, Darrell Harris, Bill Ham, John Allie, Kathy Wagner, Billie Wallington, Norris Green, Pat Siciliano, Mike Rymkus, Wayne Schuler, Mike 'Susler, Mike Condray, Linda Herrera, Ryan Trimble, Sandee, Dale Soffar, Rex Bell, Mike Dunham, Dennis Collins, Dupy Bateman, Lydia Woltag, Mark Golob, Martin Cerf, Dave Marsh and Martin Last.

Special thanks go to Jeanne Gitlin, the typesetter and to Ernie Shawver and Noelle Kanady, our inspired layout crew. Added words of praise to Ernie for the development of the action photos often on view in Space City! And of course, my gratitude also to Thorne Dreyer, Vicky Smith and Karen Northcott, my editors whose patience and expertise made it all possible.

Furthest-out moments of the last 20 months: hearing Rat Creek cold, and also a peculiar night at the Old Quarter when I heard the Allman Brothers for the first time. The full band was blasting away, twin drums and guitars reverberating off the stone walls as they performed their music climaxing with Townes Van Zandt sitting in on vocal for "Stormy Monday Blues." Yessir, I figured I was in rockabilly heaven that night. Goodbye.

\* \* \*

- August 4 — Jeff Beck.
- August 4-12 — Roland Kirk (La Bastille).
- August 12 — Dan Hicks plus Cheech & Chong.



Leon Russell





## Space City! Rap No. 2

Cont. from 3

was so spread out and disconnected — both literally and figuratively.

Things were just starting to loosen up when Space City! first began publishing. Perhaps the first sign of life, such as it was, was the Klan — which seemed to generate spontaneously, armed with the sole purpose of making life and work difficult and dangerous for us — as soon as we were into our fourth issue. Firebombs, concussion bombs, stink bombs (and later on, bullets, pipe bombs and dynamite, but by that time the Klan didn't bother *us* much because we were shooting back) plagued us and our friends for months. The legally-endowed authorities, of course, could not and would not protect us.

Much was made of the Klan attacks on Space City! and fellow travellers, but actually that aspect of our early existence wasn't nearly

as important as the positive things we felt we were helping to accomplish. Since we considered ourselves activists as well as journalists, we were not content merely to put out a newspaper on a bi-weekly basis. We had to *organize*, too.

Out of Space City!'s office and/or staff over the years have come such demi-institutions as the high school movement, high school "underground" newspapers, the Food Co-op, Of Our Own, Switchboard, the Red Coyote Tribe, women's liberation consciousness and organizations. (You may never have heard of some of these; they were rather short-lived, but important nonetheless.) We offered draft counselling services, (and occasionally inexpert counselling about everything from drugs to abortions, because kids would call us all the time, asking impossible questions); we organized rallies, marches and demonstrations. (One of our finest, and bloodiest — the two being somewhat synonymous for us at the time — was the colorful Agnew demonstration, so called because the object of the protest was Spiro T. himself, speaking at the Astroworld Hotel in January of 1971. It was replete with guerrilla theater and a confrontation with the cops.)

Space City! also gave a voice to certain radical and revolutionary organizations, perhaps, except for Pacifica, their only media voice: the Mexican-American Youth Organization, People's Party II, the Welfare Rights Organization, Gay Liberation.

Space City! the Underground Newspaper peaked in the summer of 1970, in many ways. Circulation was the highest it has ever been.

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Herman Short:  
"My Temper is Short, My Eyes Are Bleary"



Our coverage of the Carl Hampton murder in July of 1970, made us even more controversial than before. (The actual event made us more serious.) The Klan had stopped fiddling around with kid stuff like concussion bombs and was shooting at us by night. We shot back, and for a while it looked as though "armed struggle" might break out any minute. (We had a lot at stake that summer. The Switchboard kids were working out of our offices on Wichita and the place was constantly over-flowing with freaks of all descriptions. They'd hang out on the porch at night, and we just *knew* one of them was going to get shot. What a life!)

The whole movement, from the angry youngsters beating down the doors at rip-off rock concerts to the serious Marxists working to rebuild People's Party after Carl's death, was going hot and heavy. There was action, motion, energy. People bought guns the way they buy dope now. (Well *some* of us bought a lot of dope too, back then.) Space City! ran a lot of articles about guns, and revolution, and the Third World.

Whenever we saw a flame, the first thing we'd think about was how best to fan it. But Space City! was never able to set the world (or the city) on fire. Maybe there was an old wet blanket lying around somewhere that we didn't know about, but we realized that the times were changing, after the much-hyped Red Coyote Tribe (and its offspring, the Vietnam Action Project) failed to catch hold. The Red Coyote Tribe was a sort of umbrella organization, something of a cross between Yippie and the White Panther Party, although very loosely organized, and we had long meetings and volleyball games and picnics and rock concerts and we howled the Red Coyote howl a lot, but the whole thing fizzled. And then all those people got their heads bashed in by city police at the Astroworld Hotel (which was very exciting, but hardly productive), and we decided that since the times were changing, it was time *we* changed, too. Frankly, we were just getting bored with the old "off the pig" song-and-dance.

And, we were not alone in this sudden change in attitudes. The underground press all across the country, once so central to the youth movement, was losing credibility (*and* money, what little there was), fast. Some newspapers folded, some changed like Space City!, others just kept on keeping on.

So we took a long break. That was February and March of 1971. We did some fund raising and a little promotion. We reorganized, reconsidered, rethought the whole notion of an "underground" newspaper. We wanted to be more responsive, more honest, more thorough as journalists. We wanted to look hard at injustice in our own city, rather than preaching all the time about the distant Third World. We didn't want to be considered a freaky, shrill underground paper any more. We made a lot of changes, and when we made our second debut on April 6, 1971, Space City! (by now weekly) was quite a different publication. A cleaner format, cleaner language, a cleaner image in general.

Everything was going great until we all of a sudden went broke. Our original bookkeeper/controller/business manager, Judy Fitzgerald, had left with her husband for San Francisco. Judy had always watched the money like a hawk, but after she left no one really paid all that much attention (we were all such artists, you know). We were putting out these beautiful, colorful, 32-page newspapers, and then, bang, within a week we had almost folded. We couldn't pay our bills, so telephone and electricity services were cut off. The Wichita St. office, which had once been sort of a community center and a real place of business, was almost deserted. How can you put out a newspaper without a telephone?

We had a little collective staff shake-down, and then began to try to pick up the pieces. It's December of 1971. We are broke, deeply in debt. We have no financial management. In a fit of desperation, we ask Bill McElrath to take over the business end of the newspaper. For no pay. He agrees to help.

Bill's management keeps us afloat but does little to cut into that nagging debt. We cut back on production. No more color, no more 32-page issues, no more \$25 a week salaries unless absolutely necessary.

Now, about this time, Space City! must have looked rather strange to many of you. You couldn't reach us anywhere, unless you were one of the privileged few who had some staff member's unlisted num-

ber. You never saw us, because we spent so little time at the office. Yet every week this newspaper would be on the streets, in news stands, in your mailbox. Mysteriously. How did we do it? I'm not sure, but it wasn't easy.

The contents of the paper must have appeared rather odd, too. I'm certain we looked, even then, back in January and February of 1972, like a newspaper on the verge of folding, the way we'd change format and editorial leanings every week. We were, in fact, a little confused. Many of us were more than a little overworked. Tensions grew, tempers flared. (Money may corrupt, but *lack* of it seems to make people behave in angry, detestable ways. Lack of money corrupts, too.) Political and aesthetic cleavages began to develop, seemingly out of nothing. Mighty egos battered against each other. A major split developed, which culminated in the Space City! collective's firing of McElrath. McElrath and some friends started this other paper called, for some reason not readily discernible, Mockingbird, and Space City! kept on trucking. (Well, actually we had forgotten how to truck, we'd been limping for so long, and the split made the limp all that much worse.)

We understand now that Mockingbird has suffered a split of its own in recent weeks. McElrath, we hear, maintains control of Mockingbird and some of his former staff members are planning to start yet another newspaper. Interesting.

Well, we still had our big debt. But there were far more people flocking around Space City! at that time, wanting to help, than I can ever remember. But, despite all the good people and well-wishers, despite the few encouraging signs, it became quite apparent after a while that it just wasn't going to fly. Our organization was not tight enough, our energy and morale were hopelessly low. Money was scarce, as usual.

But more than that, as we said in our statement last week, we had just reached the limit. We had tried to make the changes we thought necessary in order to reach a broader audience, but we only made the changes editorially. The basic change still hadn't happened, and by the time we realized that, it was too late. The structure of our operation, that poor, frail, low-budget, underground newspaper structure, was still there, trying valiantly to sustain all the wild dreams and nonsequetorial tangents that have characterized Space City!'s last weeks. It was like we had this house of cards, and every time we'd get all the cards in place, one would fall and then the whole paper edifice would almost collapse. A few cards would remain standing, and we'd start stacking them up again. It was thoroughly frustrating.

But, as we keep telling ourselves, we have learned a lot in these three years — I think that we know at least what *not* to do — and well, you know, publishing is something that kind of gets under your skin or in your blood — it's like a benign if chronic disease.

So, who knows what the future may hold? Oh, you may hear some rumors here and there, like Space City! people are starting a new newspaper next month, or Space City! people are selling the name to Howard Hughes, or Space City! people are going to start writing for the UFO newsletter. But, in fact, our future plans are vague and unsubstantive.

So there's the history, incomplete as it may be. (We've told that story so many times, to all sorts of different people, that we all practically have it memorized, and the only fun in re-telling it is thinking up slightly different ways to say things. Judy and I used to call that particular story "Space City! Rap No.2," although I don't recall what No.1 was.)

To the faithful among you, the readers who will miss us, who have stuck by us through hard times and cheered us on in good, that's the breaks. We're certainly not blaming *you* for any of our problems, but we do think it fitting that you should be warned: community institutions, like Pacifica radio, like Inlet, need your support, financial and otherwise. Space City!'s gone, but there are others like us still around, if you only take a look. Let them know you care.

I realize that it's a cliché in itself to end an article like this with some famous quote, but so what's wrong with a good old cliché once in a while? Anyway, paraphrase Joe Hill: Don't mourn for Space City!, organize. Organize what? Your guess is as good as mine, but all I know is that this city could use some good counter-institutional organizations. Grow your own.



# Women Moving More Than Ever

by Marie Blazek

Since I am a feminist and great admirer of my sex, thinking about Houston women startles and bedazzles me. Where else but here can one see a shagged head above a suntop pedalling hurriedly by a bouffant blond in a convertible, who just dropped off her black maid at the bus stop where she'll wait to ride home with her peers — heading east. At home her sleek black Afro'd daughter will welcome her with the day's confidences.

Meanwhile in some other part of the city feminists plot the proceedings of the "women's movement" — taking us all in, from barefoot to bouffant. Is it presumptuous to assume that women share enough to be included in one movement? A movement to include 52 per cent of the population?

When I came to Houston two years ago, I joined the Harriet Tubman Brigade, an organization of radical women, united mainly behind our participation in other radical heterosexual organizations. The HTB was never a priority for its members; we never accomplished anything for ourselves or for other sisters. We just mainly got together and felt guilty because we were doing nothing for women, since we were busy "making the revolution" with men. The HTB died in its sleep in the spring of 1971.

Meanwhile the National Organization for Women was beginning to pound loudly on the door of the male establishment, demanding entry and equality. NOW is the longest lived feminist organization in town. It is and has been involved in seeking equal employment

opportunity, educational opportunity and legal protection.

Currently, NOW is involved in filing complaints of sex discrimination against more than a hundred employers advertising in the sex-segregated want-ads of the Houston Chronicle. Also three large banks in Houston — Texas Commerce, Bank of the Southwest and First City National Bank, have been charged with sex discrimination in hiring, promotion, pay, benefits, leaves of absence, advertising and training. These complaints have been filed with the Department of Treasury as a violation of revised executive order four. NOW is also investigating the lack of credit for women. (For information contact Susan Butler, 666-9534.)

With the demise of the Harriet Tubman Brigade, another broader women's organization developed, Houston Women's Liberation. The main result of this effort was several consciousness-raising groups which a number of women used to their advantage for many months. HWL, too, died an early death after numerous efforts to start a women's center and study groups.

Between the summer of 1970 and today there has been one consistent development in the women's movement, the Trotskyites. Women who are members of the Socialist Workers Party or Young Socialist Alliance have used their organizational skills and contacts to influence Houston women, through campaign support for women, participation in women's groups, and especially the local abortion action groups.

The Houston Women's Abortion Action Coalition is a local chapter of the Women's National Abortion Action Coalition. Its members are presently involved in Rep. Bella Abzug's effort to get an abortion bill through the legislature. A "tribunal" is planned for late October at which time several persons will be tried for their support of harsh abortion legislation, performance of bad abortions or participation in tactics which are "anti-women."

The Women's Equality Action League is a recent group in town. Its members are currently conducting a three-part study of private employment agencies in Houston and their policies regarding sex discrimination. Interviews with the managers of these agencies is the first part of the study to be followed by statements from clients and employees. For more information, contact, Barbara Farley, 461-6075.

Another new group providing leadership is the Housewives for Collective Action. This group is actively pursuing a meat boycott to counteract Nixon's failure to control prices, especially of meat. Be advised: the boycott begins on Aug. 6, next Wednesday. No fresh meat should be purchased (this excludes birds). For more information, Contact Carol Bertram, 733-7198.

Finally, there's another local group, the Women's Workshop, which has recently organized to build a women's center. It is bringing women together to do a women's news program each Wednesday night at 7 p.m. on KPFT-FM (90.1 mh). It will also be sponsoring a women's poetry reading in September and, we hope, a series of speeches and raps with local women in politics. For more information contact either Pat Dowell or Marie Blazek at 224-4000.

In retrospect it seems that the women's movement can and does include an incredible variety of Houston women. It also seems to be stronger than ever before, unlike most political groups today. Houston women seem to be organizing for their own survival. The changes that have happened nationally in the past two years in the way of employment opportunities, birth control possibilities, day care facilities, less sex role indoctrination in schools and media are also happening here at an active pace. Houston may be further behind in this regard, but, even so, changes are coming.

The breadth and heterogeneity of the women's movement here and elsewhere is especially encouraging. The National Women's Political Caucus is a good example. It is playing an important role in both major political convention this summer. Legalization of abortion is an issue which effects all impregnable persons very directly.

In answer to my own question: Yes, women do share enough to be included in one movement.

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# JUSTICE

addition to an unrelenting local effort, to even get the grand jury to meet. Not so, said the criminal intelligence division. According to them the grand jury investigation was the result of two years of undercover work.

The CID said that all the screaming and shouting from the left had jeopardized the making of a case against the nightriders. However, the nightriders turned out to be the very people the left had been shouting about the loudest; people like Jimmy Dale Hutto, the Klansman indicted for bombing KPFT-FM. The CID acknowledged that Hutto had been on its payroll as an informer prior to the bombing.

Everyone from Louie Welch on down denied what were becoming the regularly repeated charges of police complicity. In reply came the implication that the left was blowing itself up for the publicity. The indictments were half of the vindication the left wanted. The trials of the five men was the other half, but that may never happen.

So far only Jimmy Hutto has been to court. A Federal Judge sentenced him to 5½ years. Despite threats on their lives, Hutto's two accomplices turned informer on him. He was convicted of planning to destroy Pacifica radio stations in California, a conspiracy charge not too dissimilar from the kind the Justice Department is fond of throwing at the left.

Hutto has not come to trial for the Oct. 6 bombing of KPFT, but neither has Louis Beam. Beam was indicted for not only the KPFT bombing, but along with Pete Lout, for the March 1 bombing of the Socialist Workers Party Headquarters on Wheeler Street. The District Attorney's office said that these cases were interrelated and there would be some delay in bringing them to court so they could devise the best "game plan." More recently the DA's office explained the delay by simply saying the cases were "pending."

Last Monday Asst. Dist. Atty. Warren White admitted that because of certain questionable testimony he was having trouble making the case against Beam. Lout, Beam, Hutto and Mike Lowe. White said that he might be forced to drop the fire bomb charges and instead bring perjury charges against an unnamed witness. White insisted that no one was granted immunity from prosecution during the investigation so it seems unlikely that a witness would have falsely implicated others to protect himself.

If the testimony given during the grand jury investigation is so transparent it can't stand up in court, how was it strong enough to get someone indicted? If the testimony was truly not strong enough to warrant an indictment, what motive could there have been to the investigation aside from token and temporary appeasement?

On the day KKK Grand Dragon Frank Converse took the Fifth Amendment and refused to testify to the Grand Jury he called the investigation a "political fishing trip." The next day Federal Treasury agents visited his gun store in what they called a routine check, and arrested Converse for possession of a sawed off shotgun and trading in unregistered firearms. A Federal Grand Jury returned indictments against Converse in September.

Converse is no longer the Grand Dragon of the Texas Klan. In January he was replaced by a Houston used car salesman who reportedly belonged to the John Birch Society. Internal right wing politics is no different than on the left.

Presumably the Criminal Intelligence Division is keeping tabs on Houston's new crop of Klansmen, and, one would hope, is not hiring any of them to inform on their own. The police often point out that the CID was really formed to control organized crime. While running for reelection Louie Welch said that Houston was free of organized crime and if he were re-elected, he would keep it that way. Assuming Louie Welch to be true to his word, the most important job before the CID at this point may be the strict enforcement of Houston's new bicycle ordinance.



Frank Converse, Houston's United Klans Grand Dragon —Ret.  
Photo by Juliette Brown.



Klansman Mike Lowe attempted to infiltrate Space City! Here he is shown with his new found Dennis Fitzgerald. Photo by Sue Duncan.



Space City! folk were prime movers of the Red Coyote Tribe, shown here marching as a anti-war demonstration.



by Dennis Fitzgerald

SAN FRANCISCO — Upon close inspection, "Buy em for a dime, sell em for a quarter" does not have that certain ring of enduring greatness such as embues "I lift my lamp beside the golden door" or "Sic semper tyrannis." Nevertheless, there it sits, burned into my brain alongside the most heroic, the most pithy, the most cherished phrases of Western civilization. And though the thought sends a nervous shudder down my anti-capitalist spine, I have to admit: That's my kind of poetry.

Lamp lifting being an honorable profession since Diogenes, and tyrants, as always, deserving their comeuppance, there was but one clarion call with the strength to move hoards of hungry hippies to the street-corners and freeway onramps of Houston. And that, friends, is the test of great literature.

Before going any further here, I really ought to level with you and admit that this is my fourth draft of this thing. I'm having a terrible time. First I wrote down all these humorous anecdotes, but that seemed too frivolous. Then I gave it the thoughtful political analysis treatment, but that seemed too heavy. Finally I wandered off into a mood of "Ah, but those were the years," but that seemed too "Ah, but those were the years." Frankly, I'm becoming very confused about just exactly how you stop a newspaper.

You see, Space City!, I am of very mixed emotions about that last big deadline in the sky. In one sense I'm glad to see you go like this: a nice, clean, self-inflicted zappo to the jugular. Neat. All colors flying. And damn the mainsail. None of that embarrassing lingering on, having to face the knowing smiles, the half-muffled sniggers at birthday parties and other social occasions.

But then I think, is it really over? Is this it? The end, nothing more, kersplat, fribble, - 30 - ? Oh, it can't be. Who's going to feed that army of seven million roaches living in the kitchen? Who's going to curse the air conditioner for being a worthless noisemaker? Who's going to assure that the right size of liner tape is never in the box, and that the graphics file will continue to defy organization? There are some things which can't be simply folded up and forgotten.

It's a dilemma.

One thing I think I won't do is zip up my serious face and tell you how important Space City! has been for Houston. Except that it has been far more than the six people sitting in a living room on Decatur Street three and a half years ago could have reasonably expected. Not that they were especially reasonable folks, but then if they had been, none of this would ever have happened. A minute of grateful silence for the continued existence of people who don't know any better.

Do you know what's nice

## Not Folding, Just Moving On...

about those people who don't know any better? (You don't? Well then, I'll tell you.) So many of them just seem incapable of figuring out how hopeless everything is. Right at the point where it ought to be obvious that they've completely exhausted all the possibilities in what they're doing, they just start doing something else crazy. All the time talking about free this and free that. Actually it's annoying the way they don't give up, and if I were in some position of importance I think I'd do something about them. Already they've simply ruined one perfectly good political party.

bout inadequate cream fillings. No cause too small for the people's champion. (I can't remember now what it was that reminded me of that.)

But back to the mainstream of this article. You may recall our mentioning that Space City! is folding. Actually it's nothing like that. Just moving on, that's all. If you don't keep moving you're never gonna find it because you've got it in you all the time. That's a little poesy for the more spiritually inclined among you. Jesus, but some of you people write terrible poetry. We used to get so much awful poetry, all rhyming and everything, with cadence and strophe and all that stuff. Which is nothing against H.W. Longfellow. "Let the dead past bury its dead," like he used to say.

There I'll bet I've rubbed somebody wrong when all I wanted to do was praise Caesar, as it were. Maybe I should just leave it at saying that there's going to be a big hole where Space City! used to be. But there are so many more beginnings here than there were three years ago, that I suspect somehow Houston will muddle through.

If I were going to express



Then Waltrip High student Paul Kitchen won a court case saying he could distribute Space City! on school grounds.

regrets, my biggest one would be that the administration of Welch and Short is outlasting Space City! But if there's anything certain at this point, it must be that history has already decided the fate of that breed of men.

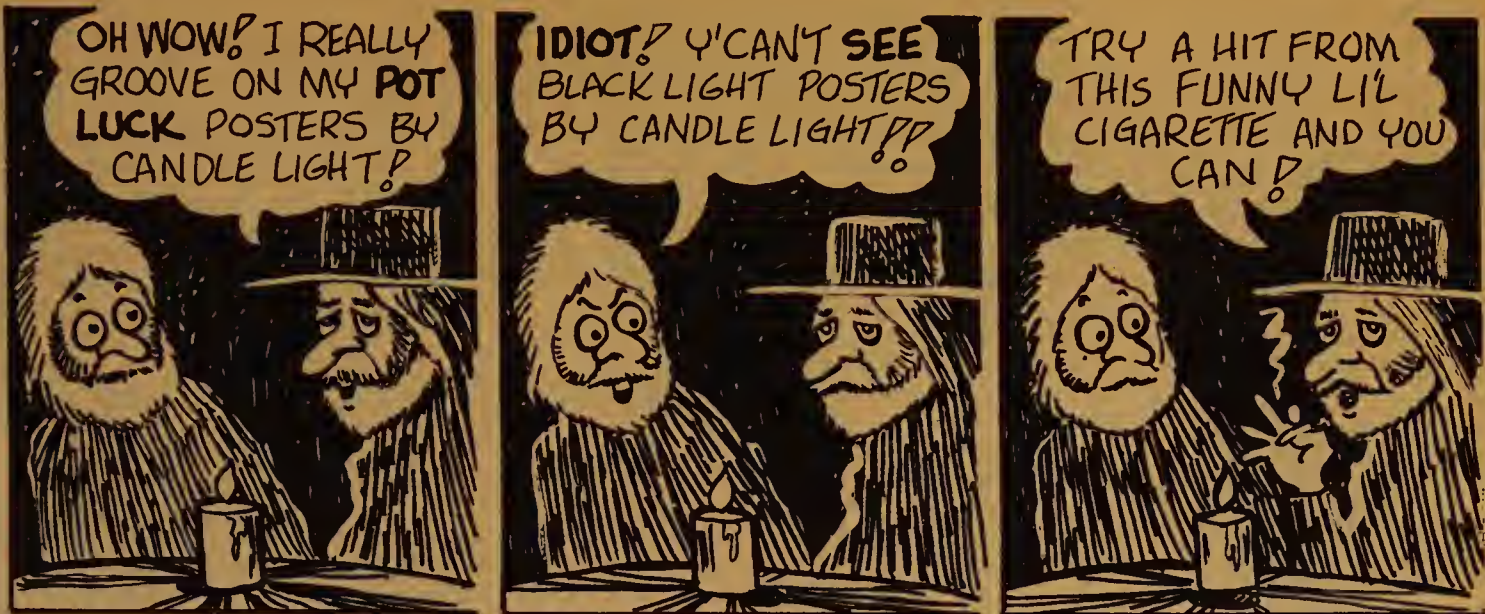
Of course, it can't do any harm that we continue giving history a little nudge in the right direction. In the vernacular, that we keep on truckin', with all the love and joy and patience that's seen us along this far, and with that certain kind of boogie that's gonna carry us right on through. If you can dig it.

Seems like a good night to get a little high, pull down all the old issues, and catch up on the last three years.

(Dennis Fitzgerald was a founding member of the Space City! collective. A year ago he and Judy split for the more sensual pleasures of the San Francisco bay. Their departure was only geographical; they have remained with us in spirit, though they do fuss when we forget to write.)

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# The Paper Revolutionaries

Tuesday afternoon we went to the post office to pick up the mail. It was one errand among many, all tied to the eminent death of this newspaper: picking up articles discussing our demise, coaxing neighborhood merchants to advertise in the final number, things like that.

So it seemed kind of ironic when, among the stack of press releases, underground newspapers and unclassified ads, we noted a review copy of a new book, sent our way by Simon and Schuster publishers. The book, called *The Paper Revolutionaries: The Rise of the Underground Press*, contains some very kind words about Space City! We remembered when the author, Laurence Leamer, came through town, maybe a year and a half ago, during better times. We liked him, and he seemed impressed with what we were doing.

So, as we depart from the scene, we reprint a few of his words as a bit of history:

"To find papers that manage to satisfy both political and cultural radicals, one must travel to the backwaters of American radical life — to nowhere Alabama, Mississippi, or even Houston, America's sixth-largest and possibly fastest-growing city. In less than a decade, Houston has shot up out of its Texas provincialism to become a sophisticated center of industry, space and medicine. Houston's middle class has gone through this change with little of that psychic disintegration familiar in other cities, and these good citizens fairly bubble with a Junior Chamber of Commerce pride. There is another Houston though — a world of black, Chicano and poor-white ghettos; of business and political leaders manipulating Houston's future like a Monopoly game; of drugs and ennui in the suburbs; of hippies and assorted long-hairs building lives within the confines of the city limits. This is the Houston that Space City! has covered since June 1969 . . ."

"Space City! is unabashedly radical. Among its founders are Dennis and Judy Fitzgerald and Thorne Dreyer, native Houstonians who cut their teeth beginning Austin's Rag. The Space City! layout pays obligatory obeisance to McLuhanism, but the paper remains highly print-oriented. There is a solid intelligence to the reviews and cultural articles, an intelligence that doesn't pose as brilliance, draping itself with literary flourishes or obtuseness. It is a radical journalism grounded in fact. There have been major muckraking and numerous articles challenging the conventional wisdom, either above or underground . . ."

"Space City! has had a special importance in Houston since the city is a sprawled-out, Texas version of Los Angeles. The paper holds the radical community together. To do this it avoids the hairsplitting ideological politics of other prominent radical forces . . ."

Leamer describes the reorganizational break from mid February to early April, 1971, reprinting the Letter from the Collective we ran upon return. He then comments: "There was nothing apocalyptic about the changes but they were enough to revitalize the paper and the staff collective and to make Space City! unquestionably one of the strongest underground papers in America."

It's weird to read those words while working on our final issue. Maybe Larry Leamer should drop back through and do a follow-up; we could all use a little help putting this whole experience into perspective.



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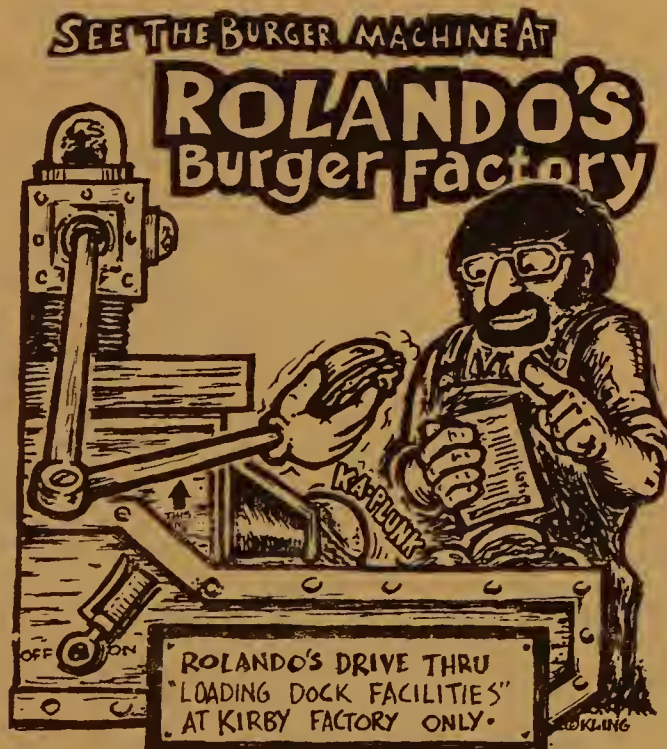
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## short takes

### Ripped and Wrinkled

*A Rock Opera by C.C. and Jean Courtney, featuring the Bloontz All-Stars; presented by Southern Voice Productions at Liberty Hall, 1610 Chenevert. Thurs-Sat at 8 pm and 10:30 pm; tickets \$3.50. Phone: 225-6250. Cast includes C.C. and Jean Courtney, Andy Chapman, Jennifer Reaks, Michael Montgomery.*

People don't generally tolerate mixed reactions. If someone walks up to you at intermission and says, Hey man, what do you think? — it's a cinch they're not looking for the "ifs" or the "buts" or the mitigating circumstances. They want unmixed reaction. I like it or I don't like it; it's good or it's not good.

For *Ripped and Wrinkled* at Liberty Hall, I'm holding out for "I like it but it's not good." Or maybe, "It's good, but I hate it."

The only no-reservations reaction to the show must go to Trimble, Condray & Co. — the people at Liberty Hall who've made this and a few other evenings possible. Anybody who'd take a chance on new theater has got to be good, and who could help but like them?

The rest is a mixed and mixed-up bag. And the chief mixer would seem to be Mr. C.C. Courtney.

Courtney is an immensely talented man, no question about it, but he does not function well as a one-man-band. There are no firm rules about the theater — particularly musical theater — but it does seem clear that basically it's collaboration. Producers collaborate with writers who collaborate with directors who collaborate with performers, who then (and only then) collaborate with the audience. Courtney is producer, co-author (with Jean Courtney), director, and star of *Ripped and Wrinkled* — and the show might have better response if he could be the audience as well.

One of the most valuable functions of collaboration is that there is always someone around during production to say, No. Otherwise, one risks the possibility that the first person to say No — the first to have the chance — is the audience itself.

As a member of the audience, I said No more times than I care to count, but I must have said Yes at least as often, for there is an abundance of terrific material and talent running around on stage. Only, no one ever sat down and separated the good from the bad. And that's a shame, because when theater fails, the good sinks just as hard as the crap.

The chief buoy for the production is its music, particularly

as performed by the fantastic Bloontz All-Stars. But wrap the music and some fine performances in the dead weight of the original conception, and Hercules himself couldn't pull the evening to the surface.

The conception (not so original) began with Rip Van Winkle and ended with a souped-up version of *Stop the World I Want to Get Off*. With Harlequin costumes and make-up and its little heart filled with selections from Kahlil Gibran and *The Little Prince*, the show's basic conception is a fraud. "Everyman" is simply not a substitute for definite characterization, nor is Everyman's life as interesting as Oneman's life. Particularly when the stage is filled with performers capable of specific, finely-tuned acting.

Not the least of whom is, of course, C.C. Courtney himself. Courtney has good presence and expert timing, but here — as with his lead performance in *Cuckoo's Nest* he's far too interested in being Well-Liked. He's winning, he's sweet — but, ultimately, uninteresting. I have a lot of quarrels with the so-called Theater of Love, not the least of which turns on this very point: take away ambivalence, strain out all the gray matter between black and white, and what you have left is not love at all (or at least not love of much importance). What you have left is comic-book romance.

This show needs some hard thinking; the songs have it, have wit and intelligence and even, occasionally, a hard-edged brilliance. The performers have it — most all of them, but particularly Andy Chapman, Michael John Montgomery, Jennifer Reaks, Patti Miller, Mace Gunner and Michael Simms. And of course, the Courtneys.

But the show needs a director, someone to decide who's going to do what where and not let everyone do everything everywhere.

And a choreographer, someone who can teach people how to do what they need to do. (This is the first theater I've ever seen where the spotlight went out just as the female lead — Jean Courtney here — began her dance; after her first few steps, I understood why.)

And a lighting technician, someone to let the audience see the fruits of all this labor. (During the first act, someone behind me asked why the whole show took place at night.)

And rehearsal. If I ever saw a show a month away from opening, it was *Ripped and Wrinkled*, which I saw on its opening night. If I may correct the lyrics from the show's closing number, it *does* matter what you do. Particularly when you're doing it for people who've paid money to see you do it.

Okay. I've equivocated throughout this review, but now I want to stop. Without equivocation, without reservations, I'd like to recommend your scooting over to Liberty Hall and catching *Ripped and Wrinkled*. For all its warts, it's all we have.

— Alex Stern





Jean Courtney



Pat Varnell as "Stick"

#### A Different Wrinkle on Old Rip

The rock opera, to me, has always been a dubious form. It seems to smack of pretention. Rock and Roll is a basic form, born in funkiness; it would seem a contradiction and a condescension to raise/lower it to the staged formality of opera. Previous attempts have mirrored this contradiction, and have either been mediocre opera with bad rock and roll, or good rock and roll with opera that got more banal as the music got better.

Perhaps because of this, *Tommy*, by the Who, has been the most enjoyable rock opera. It was, first, good rock and roll; the opera came second and suffered from over-ambition, but the music carried it through.

Other attempts such as *Hair* and *Jesus Christ Superstar* have been so serious in their attempt to imitate opera that they not only were banal and boring as theater but were the epitomy of mediocre rock.

C.C. Courtney's first rock opera, *Salvation*, was a move in the right direction, emphasizing the music and combining the movement and humor of the new theater. Courtney's second work, *The Earl of Ruston*, was a small gem that glowed and grew on the honesty of the music and the reality of the theater.

*Ripped and Wrinkled*, Courtney's new collaboration with his wife, Jean, is his finest work, a ripe avacado that is the full fruition of a new art form. *Ripped and Wrinkled* is more of a musical drama than an opera

and this is probably why it succeeds where more lofty and expensive attempts at opera have failed.

The Courtneys use practically every facet of theater — from the chorus and staging of Greek drama, which *Ripped and Wrinkled* follows closely, to the improvisation and audience participation of new theater. They bring out all of our myths and rituals, dissect them, and make them new again. This is a morality play of the oldest genre, following the tradition from *Everyman* and Euripides, through Dante, Goethe, Shakespeare to 2001; it concerns man's oldest questions, his salvation and his temptation, and presents them in a way that is as new as today and as old as man.

The play begins as a loose adaptation of the folk tale of Rip Van Winkle, but moves far beyond anything even Rip imagined in his 20 year sleep.

Here, Rip Van Winkle is a young advertising executive beset with all the problems of the 70's which surreally surround him. The FBI, the taxman, pollution, bureaucracy and religion besiege him in bizarre personifications. His shrewish wife sits at home and sings Tammy Wynette style laments and his dark friends in the bar encourage him to embark on a journey to find Truth.

Rip soon finds himself in the desert where he embarks on a seven day, seven night fast to find the Truth. With a guitar and a canteen of water as his only sustenance he encounters a vast array of mythical, double-talk-



Jennifer Reaks

ing, singing characters that symbolize most of man's aspirations, apparitions and fears.

Rip meets a talking peyote cactus who, like Mescalito, sends him on a dream journey meeting every question and every would-be answer in man's search. Rip is cajoled to give up his water, tempted by strange beings and seductresses and advised by

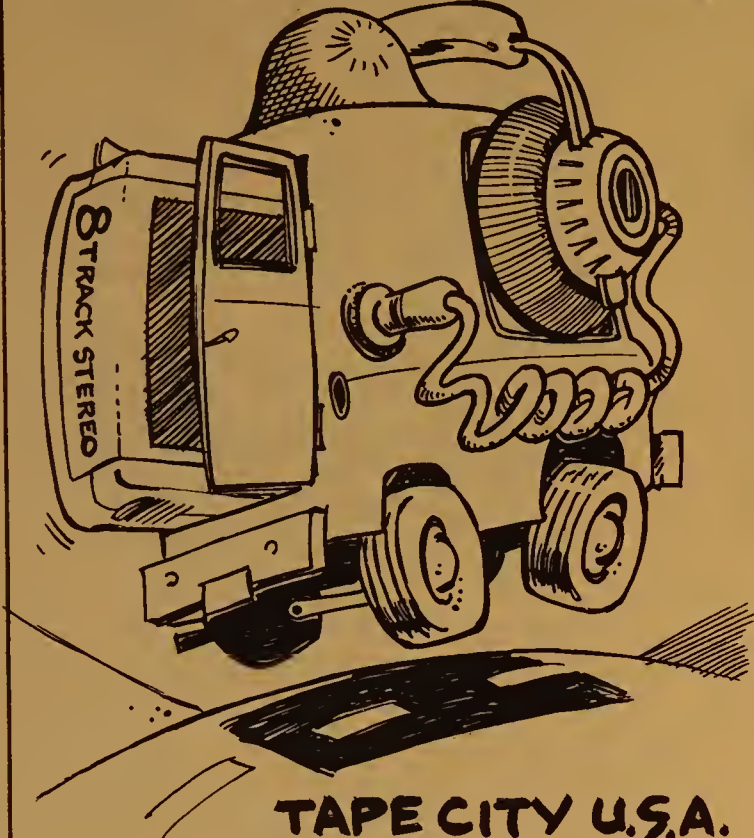
babbling wise men who see all the answers as a huge paradox of double talk. Perplexed, Rip falls asleep and "dies".

While dead, or asleep, Rip encounters more visions and myths which lead him on his quest to achieve salvation. He goes through several trials and surreal encounters, such as the Kingdom of Stone where every-



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one gets high but does nothing. ("Beware the Kingdom of Stone.")

After many side-trips Rip finally meets the last Unicorn who helps show him that each man must find his own answers and that the ultimate answer lies within himself. ("The Kingdom of Heaven is Within You.") Whatever a man feels he must do, he should do and in the act of doing it he will find his answers.

Early in the play Rip laments that he has no ritual or myth to lead him. He finds that each man must make his own myth and enact his own ritual to find his salvation.

*Ripped and Wrinkled* is C.C. and Jean Courtney's ritual, their paen to the gods for an answer. It is a beautiful ritual which at the end takes in the whole audience and makes them also participate and benefit from its life-giving magic.

It would be hard to single out any one performer for particular cudos. They all work together as a whole. C.C.'s performance as Rip is excellent and Jean Courtney's portrayals, first of Rip's wife, then of Lily, Demoness of the Night, and a myriad other characters, are especially outstanding. Jean was also responsible for the great vocal arrangements which remind one of the vocal backup style on Leon Russell.

All of the singers are good, particularly Andy Chapman and Jennifer Reaks, and the Bloontz All-Stars play and perform better than they ever did as a straight rock band.

I understand from C.C. that the show wasn't too together when it first opened. But now it is strong, tight and healthy. If you haven't seen it yet, do it; if you saw one of the first performances, go see it again. It's the best combination of rock and roll with drama that I have seen; it'll make you boogie and laugh and cry. In Rip's words, "It's worth it."

— Tary Owens

## Barna Rebutted Some Rock History

Although anti-rock propaganda is nothing new to this publication, it is not too often that the readers are confronted with such inane distortion and utter bullshit as Joel Barna's smug analysis of the state of rock ("Mulch For the Roses", SC! Vol. III, No. 46).

Barna tells us that rock suddenly appeared in 1967, with "Subterranean Homesick Blues," the San Francisco bands, and *Sgt. Pepper*. It then "continued and built, spreading its artistic limits and commercial appeal; it did so until around the *White Album* and *Beggars Banquet*." (The Beatles' *White Album* was released in the fall of 1968. Therefore, Barna claims rock had a lifespan of less than two years, having died almost four years ago.)

He then goes on to tell us that "during this time, as everyone knows, Clapton, Bloomfield,

Beck, Hendrix, etc. popularized B.B. King's guitar style." Hack, hack.

The remainder of the article is taken up with incoherent ranting about white boys playing black music despite "their unfortunate European or middle-class soullessness (sic)." More lavish praise is heaped on B.B. King, described as the "perfect bridge" between the blues and the poor young honky musicians. "My God, I even started imitating him," Barna breaks down and confesses.

Patience, dear reader, the truth shall set you free. As we examine the above statements, it will become obvious that "Mulch For the Roses" was as ludicrous a piece of journalism as any that has appeared in these pages.

Let's take a look at this point by point.

First, Barna's erroneous notion that rock was born and died in less than two years. There is some confusion associated with this period, because things were changing. The Beatles and Stones had changed the course of current trends, and were enjoying tremendous popularity playing music that was essentially the rock and roll of the middle and later fifties — Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley, Carl Perkins, Little Richard, etc. Their original material that Barna hails as the great new trend of rock was merely a departure from these roots. You can see in the overall picture a continuity that decries this two-year bullshit. And to say that the music died in late '68 is nothing more than American pie-in-the-eye. Far from dying, the music has grown beyond the expectations of everyone, in terms of artistry and commercial appeal.

Those musicians who flowered during that two-year span are still around, most having unquestionably surpassed whatever artistic zenith they achieved at the time. As for commercial appeal (a dubious concept at best), concert attendance and record sales have doubled, even since '69. And today, artists who have been restricted in the past to critical acclaim and an "underground" following are enjoying the sweet taste of success they very much deserve.

As for B.B. King, nobody is going to deny that black musicians and their music are the source of inspiration and material for a sizeable bulk of that we hold dear, but to hang a solitary wreath around the neck of B.B. King is to fall about a thousand wreaths short.

Clapton, Bloomfield, Beck, Hendrix, etc. didn't popularize B.B. King's guitar style, although they all did play the blues, Hendrix less than the others. The blues arose in the South a long, long time ago. B.B. King was born in Mississippi, as were a large number of his fellow original bluesmen, like John Lee Hooker, Howlin' Wolf (real name Chester Burnett), John Hurt and a whole slew of others.

The country bluesmen were



the forefathers of those names that mean the blues to us today. Country pickers like Robert Johnson, master of the slide guitar and author of tunes like "Love In Vain" (the Stones included this tune on *Let It Bleed*) and "Dust My Broom" (later popularized by Elmore James). Although he was murdered by a jealous lover back in the thirties, Johnson's influence continues to be felt strongly by those close to da blooze.

In those less than enlightened days before civil rights and what-not, the South was not the most desirable location for an up and coming black musician. Or an established one for that matter. Many bluesmen migrated north, to cities like Detroit and especially Chicago. Thus the birth of the "Chicago sound," having absolutely nothing to do with the rock group Chicago, but referring to a branch of the blues. Mike Bloomfield, being from Chicago, has his roots there.

Eric Clapton was not so lucky, being way over in England where there was no Mississippi and few blacks. He listened to records a lot, what used to be called "race records" by the white businessmen who sold them to the almost exclusively black audience that espoused the blues. Clapton must have been particularly impressed with one artist who made a splash on the race scene in the fifties, a Texas guitar picker named Freddie King. In the recording of his first album with John Mayall's

Blues Breakers, Eric included three tunes written by Freddie King, race hits all.

Jeff Beck was the first guitarist to use various sound effects and guitar sounds, while copping various blues licks. (On the back of his *Truth* Album, he credits a lick to Howlin' Wolf.)

Hendrix, even in the early stages of his career, was hardly derivative. His guitar work was totally unprecedented. To say he copied B.B. King is blasphemy. Fortunately, Barna didn't get off on our later-day blues pickers like Johnny Winter and the late Duane Allman, both who pay due credit to their roots while exploring new unmapped regions of experience.

In fairness to B.B. King, let me say that he is one of the great bluesmen. He is also the most commercially successful, by a long shot. He gets to be on prime-time tv doing the lip-sync to his latest hit. He now makes his albums with sidemen like Ringo Starr, Humble Pie, the James Gang and other lesser luminaries. If he is the King of the Blues, then you must mean The Blues as defined by the white culture mongers, not the blues as played by musicians true to the traditions and legacy of the past, the full impact of which is yet to be felt. B.B. is no doubt one of the greats, but his stature is diminished somewhat when put in its proper perspective.

In some sort of desperate attempt to align himself with what he believes to be the current hip-elite, Barna goes on to

complain that he is "really tired of freckle-faced young blues virtuosos with a bulge at the crotch."

I am tired of pseudo-intellectual critics trying to increase their own imagined importance with such trite, false, misleading SHIT, delivered in such a glib, self-righteous tone. Rather than doing the music its just deserts and searching for the truth, Barna sits smugly on half-truths. The reader suffers. A closer scrutinization of articles before publication is heartily recommended.

— Jim Shannon

*SOUTH PACIFIC. Produced by Frank Young. Directed and choreographed by Carolyn Franklin. Scenery by Robert Howery Studios. Lighting by Lee Watson. Boar's Tooth Ceremony Costumes by Joe Blank. Costumes by Pat Hampton. Musical Director, Frank Young. Presented by Theatre Under the Stars, artistic director, Frank Young.*

I have reflected a week before writing this review for a number of reasons. I like musical comedy. I like *South Pacific* as a good musical comedy. I highly advocate the existence of a free theatre for the public. And finally, I love theatre which hinders the supposed compromising of myself, which other critics sometimes do in order to keep a good thing like free theatre on its feet.

Such a show as *South Pacific* should be treated with the respect it is due. It is a show written and composed by two of America's giants of the Musical Theatre, Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. This is one of the finest romantic musical comedies ever set down for the stage, and it deserves that respect. I don't feel that it was given that this summer in our free theatre.

I'm not putting down the production itself. It was quite a well-oiled machine, designed to awe and excite the theatre viewing audience, which is one of the nicest cross-sections of any. In a city as alive and vibrant as Houston, theatre is a much demanded product; but that demand must be met with a little more than spectacularism.

Spectacularism is a much debated art (supposedly) since we reached the Ibsen, Williams, O'Neill realism syndrome in theatre. But for that matter, look at the artistic realism strived for in many of our American musicals: *West Side Story*, *Cabaret*, *Mame*, *Hello, Dolly*, *Promises Promises*, and even today, the revival of *No, No, Nanette*. This is also due the show in question: *South Pacific*.

I came away from *South Pacific* remembering the spectacle more than the story line and songs of importance. I was tricked. Bad direction of a beautiful show was covered up by spectacularism. I found it hard to understand and follow the story-line — not to mention the sociological meaning — of the

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show. That's, indeed, why I waited a week to set my thoughts down on paper. I had to come down from viewing a circus, and try to think about how this show could have been.

A theatrical production, to me, is an exciting experience between audience and performers *that says something*. This show said nothing to me but Las Vegas Revue right down the line. It's as though the book was treated as nothing more but a necessary evil between musical numbers.

If you feel here that I'm a tad livid about the whole thing, you're quite correct. But, I feel, rightly so. A great deal of money goes into the free theatre in the park here in Houston, and most of it is being wasted on baubles, bangles and beads. Why can't that money be spent on someone who knows what good acting can be directed up to? Why can't it be spent on an orchestra that's due the same respect that's given to the lavish costumes?

The directing? Well, there were nice moments here and there. But there's got to be more than "nice moments" to directing. In fact, most of these nice moments seemed to be more actor-motivated than directorially staged. The director should be concerned with other more important things than shuffling people around the Miller Theatre barn. Things of great importance like characterization, theme and the message behind the production.

A show with such heavy songs as "You've Got to be Carefully Taught (to hate)," and "This Nearly was Mine," deserves a little more devotion to motivating the actor up to the point that the song is *necessary* to the character and *has* to come out of him.

June Terry was exciting as Bloody Mary all the way through the show, and her rendition of Bali Ha'i was enough to carry anyone's dreams off to the magical island. She did her homework on her character, and delivered her songs with confidence. But when her heaviest moment in the show, came, it missed, due to poor direction and motivation.

Kevin Cooney had it a little easier than those in other major roles, because of the two-dimensional character he had to play. Billis has one major function in this show: Get laughs. That, indeed, Kevin did, but he was forced to use actor tricks like "mugging" to achieve his objective. Here again the lack of direction showed.

As Nellie Forbush from Little Rock, Debbie Thomason Teare displayed a soft naturalistic style of acting that should work, but I always felt as though I was watching Sandy Duncan. She moved through the character with confidence, which is important, but again, without too much motivation other than to get to her next song or scene with Howard Hartman.

Travis Franklin's portrayal of Lt. Joseph Cable, a marine, was sung beautifully, for Travis does

have one of the finest singing voices in Houston, but his characterization seemed like "Andy Hardy Goes to the South Pacific," although parts like Joe Cable are so watered down that there is very little to work with in the first place.

Capt. Brackett, another two-dimensional-type character, was portrayed by Charles Krohn with the staid and stoic ludicrousness required, but there were some moments in the script that weren't the light comedy he starts out with. In a musical such as this, a lot of the important dialogue is doled out to smaller players who don't do all that singing and dancing, and that wasn't taken into consideration by the director. Capt. Brackett is not at all a throw-off part.

And then there is Howard Hartman. Boy, oh boy, is there Howard Hartman. Here was an actor who has been on the boards enough to have his own motivating forces at work for him. His singing of "Some Enchanted Evening" left me, and a lot of other audience members, laid out in surprise. It wasn't just a booming rendition of the song; it was felt, it was moving, it was acted.

Mr. Hartman, who has worked the Casa Manana in Fort Worth, is one of the best musical performers I have seen on a Houston stage in a long time. He had control of Emile de Becque from the moment he stepped out of the stage-house and opened his mouth to speak his first lines. He was so far out of everybody else's league it was almost painfully obvious. But there was no pain involved in watching him perform, only in viewing the set up of a couple of his scenes, which he had no control over.

In many ways, I enjoyed the show, but its acting was loosely threaded together, and there was absolutely *no* attempt made at ensemble acting except on the parts of Msrs. Hartman and Krohn, and Ms. Terry.

If we can get down to the guts of a show and not fuss with the sparkle so much, perhaps we may yet achieve that beautiful art (which is the only theatrical art form to come out of the American society) known as the Musical Comedy. So far, we ain't made it.

-- Rick Johnson

### High Voltage at Liberty Hall

Record companies often find themselves with a product unknown to the public but with bright possibilities. When this occurs, the group is often sent out on a quick tour of big cities for the sake of exposure. One of three situations usually surfaces: the band is good and the people dig them; the band is bad; or, finally, no one shows up to hear them and they are destined to remain obscure.

A Los Angeles based group called High Voltage is currently on this type of publicity tour, and it would appear successful for the most part. The Liberty



Hall crowd was thin the first night but quite respectable the second, and High Voltage proved to be a definite group to watch. They were full on all through this set and completely professional. Their mixture of rock and soul was done about as well as I can remember, featuring a fine brass section and a rhythm section that really got the people jumping.

I haven't heard the LP yet, but if their live show is any indication, it should be worth some attention.

— Tom Flowers

Mike Quatro Jam Band and Rattlesnake, a Metropolitan Midnite concert.

These days, getting anyone off their well-downed ass around

*The Totie Fields Show. Presented by Dick Ott; Musical Direction, George Johnston; with Freddie Roman and Burt Taylor.*

Opening nights for a comedienne are usually somewhat uptight for both the audience and performer, but the opening of the "Totie Fields Show" overcame that problem to a great extent. Overcame it mainly because Miss Fields is a powerful, bawdy comedienne who, thankfully, has the ability to make an audience stop thinking, "OK, you're a top comic . . . Make me laugh," and get right down to the business of showing the people in the audience how peculiarly screwy they are, whether it be Houston or San Francisco.

This in itself made the evening one for me in which, after the festivities are over, coming out of the theatre was both a relief (from applauding till your hands are sore, and laughing till your throat is raw) and longing to hear more. But you know it has to be another night, because you're too, too tired to take any more.

Perhaps that's her special key. You don't too many encores from Totie, you just want her to come back again, or stay in town long enough for you to recuperate so *you* can come back and see her again. All in all, she's a delightful, raucous, never-pull-a-punch comic of first degree.

Of course, being the main attraction (what else can you call a woman of that size?), she had two warm-up acts before her. One made it quite well, the other didn't.

Burt Taylor is the "musical part of The Totie Fields Show." Musically speaking, he has a fine instrument; a basic tenor voice combined with a workable baritone range. But I'm not sure, and perhaps he isn't either, that he knows how to use that fine instrument. There wasn't that impact, that style of a Vegas-y type singer. He hit the stage — rather weakly, with a really watered down version of a good song, "The Games People Play," which seemed to drag on forever. He then miandered through a list of seven songs, butchering the arrangements of a fine musical director, George Johnston.

Freddie Roman may well be pushing some of the more top comedians out of jobs in a few years. Alright, he's basically a joke teller, and not a man with the rambling funny memories of Bill Cosby or the social insight of George Carlin; but he was funny, and was well received by the audience.

He came on stage to weak anticipation on the part of the audience, but immediately showed them that he is not a "barroom comic" tagging along with Ms. Fields. He went through dialogue much like you may hear from Alan King, but with a different twist. Getting most of the warm-up one liners out of the way, and realizing just when the audience had relaxed into his style, he shot off on some quite touchy subjects, especially in a heavily fundamentalist religion area such as Houston. He handled them all with aplomb and quick wit.

Sometimes, you really have to feel sorry for "middle-americans" (which is the softest way I know how to put it), because of the beatings they take from comics. The exaggerated antics of middle-class America is probably one of the slickest, quickest, sure-fire way to evoke laughter from all classes. To me, this is the unique genius of any man who wishes to take on the suicidal profession of being a comic. For Freddie, it's no death mission at all.

Mr. Freddie Roman didn't leave the stage to a tittering of applause, but to a warm, genuine display of affection for showing all of us mortals how beautifully weak we really are. We would be fortunate if he decided to do a gig here again. And it wouldn't be a wasted evening at all.

Then the biggie! The one we'd all been waiting for: Totie. And she jokes about it, but she is indeed, adorable . . . and perfect. Perfect enough to do material you may have even heard on her records before, and have you rolling. Funny, funny, and perfect.

I am one of those people who can watch a top comic and smile a lot, and chuckle to myself, but I can truthfully say that I had to be sushed by my partner a number of times as Totie rambled — but.

2 in the a.m. is quite a chore for a band. A recently formed Houston group called Rattlesnake certainly gave it a good try last Saturday nite. They started fast, didn't slow down a bit and finally succeeded in getting the major part of the full house on its collective feet. Watch out for this band.

Mike Quatro's band turned out to be Quatro plus a drummer and a million volts of amplified synthesizers. They came on around 3 a.m. and even if they had had a rhythm to dance to, I don't think the audience could have made it to their feet except for the now obligatory ovations. Quatro is a good keyboard man, but not in the class with Emerson or Pink Floyd. Wait 'til September and you will see what I mean.

— Tom Flowers

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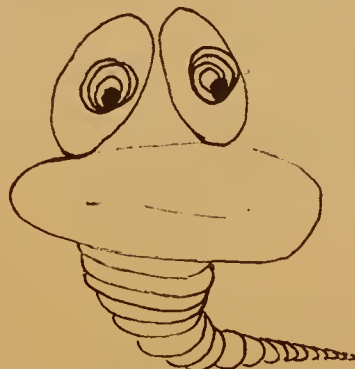
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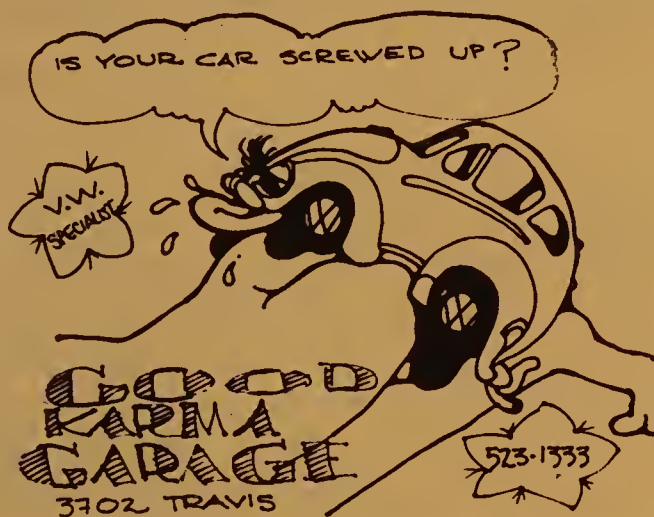
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professionally, oh, so professionally — through her jokes, stories, and songs.

After she had pointed out that she had never performed in a shopping center before, she began telling all the women in the audience how to save money shopping, and how not to, also. Continuously reminding the male members of the audience that they don't "know what it's like," she talked of women's garments that can drive you up a wall to use. *Who* in the world can make people laugh talking about women's garments? (!) Totie Fields.

Pulling no punches, and holding nothing sacred, she, in her own unique way, began to lambast middle-America. "Do you know that sour-dough bread is the one thing you can eat that never comes out?" And it's true. If you've ever eaten in a San Francisco style restaurant, you know that they fill you, bloat you on sour-dough bread. And once you've drank a glass of water, which really bloats you, they bring you the steak that you can't eat now. "They have one steak in San Francisco, and don't bring it by your table till you've drank that glass of water."

I can't tell her stories to you. I haven't the talent, or professionalism to do so, especially on paper. All I know is, I rolled last night at the Houston Music Theatre. Even if you're *not* middle-America, you can't help but laugh at her point of view. And she deserved the warm reception Houston gave her.

God bless you, Totie. If you can poke as much fun at yourself as you do us, and keep it so raucously, bawdily funny . . . God bless you. And, please, come back soon.

-- Rick Johnson

*Fiddler on the Roof*. Book by Joseph Stein. Music by Jerry Bock. Lyrics by Sheldon Harnich. Directed by Jackie Hooper. Choreography by Ann Bruton and Jackie Hooper. Musical Director, Bill Schubert. Presented by The Baytown Little Theatre.

I'm a staunch backer of community theatre. It is one of those rare phenomena that exists for the expressed purpose of bringing theatre to its circle of residents. There is no great (heaven forbid) concern about making a bundle of money off a production. The main motivating force behind their work is this: To keep theatre alive in the community as an integral of the local art.

Friday night last was like a Homecoming for me. Seeing people with whom I had worked in theatre, seeing old friends. This alone would have made the evening pleasant, but I was also treated to a show I love. The thing that laid me out was that there still existed in that tiny theatre the genuineness of intent that is so necessary to an artistic approach to what one is doing.

The production itself was not the legit-type show many might have tried to make it; it was a montage of you, me, and the people around us in this changing world, as seen through the eyes of a Jewish milkman in Czarist Russia. And it worked. Even to the point of the Rabbi's son proclaiming one of the characters a radical.

The show that I saw originally wouldn't have happened if it hadn't been held over another week. That says a lot for how they take their theatre. Anything. Anything but lightly. It means something to all of them. In that little community, which is growing constantly, theatre is part of the bread of life to many. It shows in that they have had their theatre operating in the black for over ten years now. Even Pasadena closed its theatre down in order to revitalize it, but not these people. But

before I tout the hell out of the Baytown Little Theatre, let me tell you about the show.

The audience was totally encompassed by the village of Anatevka. Although this is a helluva difficult show to stake in the round, I feel that one of the keys to such a production was this surrounding of the people. You were in Tevye's House; you were in Motel's shop; you were never separated by the "fourth wall", you were part of the show.

Tevye is telling you about his and his village's traditions, and WHAM!, there's the villagers dance dancing and singing, not coming out of darkness or from behind stage-teasers, but appearing so suddenly and effectively that you're pulled into their realm, and feeling the same as they about their tradition.

I often remark about ensemble acting in my reviews, and here I must point out that I see more of it in community theatres than in the professional ones. I saw it at this theatre last week. This is the main reason I will not be mentioning a lot of actors' names because as far as their training and experience is concerned, their acting may have been considered very bad by some. But, I'd like to see some of the supposedly more experienced actors do what those people did. Work together.

When an actor takes his ego on stage with him, his character gets so small that you're seeing a personality rather than a role. These people are too concerned with the work that they have to do to be hung-up with ego trips.

Their theatre is a communal experience; a group session; and therefore more fulfilling to both audience and performer.

There on that stage for a few fleeting hours existed what so many forget about if they make accomplishments in the theatre: A desire to bring something to life for the sake of theatre as an art, and the experience it can give an audience.

-- Rick Johnson



## Cinema

# SPACE-IN

**A Gunfight.** Kirk Douglas and Johnny Cash in a different sort of western. This one was rather obscurely released the first time it was out, and is at the drive-ins now. Check your dailies. PG.

**The Big Bird Cage and The Big Doll House.** A new women's prison film, billed with an old one that one and all may waste their time and money on. Drive-ins. R.

**Butterflies Are Free.** Film version of the successful Broadway play about a young blind man, his domineering mother, and zany next door neighbor in New York city. Delman. PG.

**A Clockwork Orange.** Kubrick krap; a rip-off movie about a futuristic freak-type John Wayne. God help us if this is where a lot of our heads are at. Shamrock Four. X.

**Doc.** Faye Dunaway and Stacy Keach in this western about how Doc Holiday wasn't the big hero he's made up to be. Loews State. R.

**Fiddler on the Roof.** This one has taken up residence at the Tower theatre and may well stay there for another . . . ? Tower, 532-7301. G.

**The French Connection.** Fast-assed thriller about busting one of the biggest junk dealers. Gene Hackman stars, good music. Shamrock 4. R.

**Frenzy.** A myriad of great English actors in a movie that makes one wonder why Hitchcock is still directing. Gaylynn Terrace, high prices. R.

**Fritz the Cat.** Held over for its 11th week. If you haven't seen this one, try to do so before it leaves. A plain far-out animated movie. Park III. X.

**The Godfather.** A must to see!! A magnificent, intelligent, fast-paced, well acted, well directed (have I run out of expletives?) movie, that has all the raw energy and guts that only American films are still able to capture. Marlon Brando (the King) is brilliant in his sensitive portrayal of the chief Mafioso. Al Pacino, Bob Duval, Richard Castellano, Sterling Hayden, and James Caan are merely excellent. All over the city, now, so if you ain't seen this one, please do so. Check your dailies. R.

**Hannie Caulder.** Sort of a woman's version of "Nevada Smith" (if you remember that one.) Raquel Welch as the most unbelievable gun-fighter ever; Robert Culp co-stars. Everywhere; check your dailies. R.

**Joe Kidd.** Starring Clint Eastwood. "If you're looking for trouble . . ." and a wasted evening, go see this one. Drive-ins and neighborhoods.

**The Last of the Red Hot Lovers.** A funny, funny movie about a man desperately looking for extra-marital sex. Alan Arkin comes close to, or passes without you knowing it, his brilliant portrayal in "The Russians Are Coming . . ." Gaylynn and Loews Twin 1, high prices. PG.

**The Legend of Nigger Charley.** Held over at the drive-ins. Check your dailies. R.

**Nicholas and Alexandra.** Not a fun couple; the movie is long, very long. Shamrock Four. PG.

**Now You See Him, Now You Don't.** As always, the Disney film never tries *not* to tell you what the movie is about in its title. Starring Kurt Russell. Neighborhoods. G.

**The Other.** Uta Hagen stars in this horror tale that's quite different from the usual kind. Alabama, 522-5176. PG.



HUMBLE PIE will appear on the same program with Malo and Ramatan August 26 at the Sam Houston Coliseum. 12th Street Productions.

**Portnoy's Complaint.** A recent novel turned into a rather novel movie. Dick Benjamin, Karen Black, and Lee Grant (excellent) star. Windsor, 622-2650. R.

**Prime Cut.** Lee Marvin, a hired gun, chases after Gene Hackman, an uppity hood. Everywhere; check your dailies. R.

**The Public Eye.** Starring Topol, Mia Farrow, and Michael Jayston. A private-eye falls for the woman he's watching over. Galleria II. G.

**The Revengers.** I suppose they're taking it out on the paying public with this one. Neighborhoods and drive-ins. PG, please don't take young people to see crap like this.

**The Salisbury Connection.** Tale of international espionage starring Barry Newman and Anna Karina. Galleria I, 626-4011. PG.

**Shaft's Big Score.** Of what? Sequel to the first big money maker. Metropolitan. R.

**The War Between Men and Women.** Jack Lemmon has a way of picking the right movies to show off his acting talent, and he's capably aided by Barbara Harris and Jason Robards, Jr. in this comedy based on the life of cartoonist James Thurber. River Oaks. PG.

**What's Up, Doc?** Still here. Barbra Streisand (fair) and Ryan O'Neal (awful) do a lot of fancy footwork around a fine crowd of bit players, including our own Randy Quaid. Peter Bogdanovich directs. Everywhere. G.

## Theater

**A Thousand Clowns.** Dramatic comedy involving a before-his-time freak, trying desperately to keep his nephew. Treehouse Cabaret Theatre. Fridays and Saturdays, 774-8351.

**Alice in Wonderland.** Carl Deese's adaptation of the children's story. Fondren Street Theatre, week-ends, 2pm. 783-9930.

**George Carlin in Concert.** Need anything be said about this man? Music Hall, Sept. 30. Get your tickets now!

**Four Poster.** Funny, funny comedy about two married people and their hang-ups as they go through marriage. King Donovan and his wife, Imogene Coca star, and are funny. Windmill Dinner Theatre; high prices due to the buffet. 464-7655.

**The Maids and Deathwatch.** Two Genet plays at the Playwrights' Showcase in the Autry House, 6265 S. Main thru Aug. 5.

**Ripped and Wrinkled.** Musical fantasy based on Rip van Winkle. Thirty-five new songs and the Bloontz All-Stars. Liberty Hall, 225-6250.

**Sir Jack!** More free theatre in the park. This one is an original based on the Falstaff cycle of Shakespeare. Miller Theatre, Herman Park. Aug. 23-Sept. 2.

Bye-Bye!

## Music

### Music Hall

Jeff Beck, presented by Barry Fey, Aug. 6; Cheech and Chong and Dan Hicks and His Hot Licks, presented by Southwest Concerts and Foley's, Aug. 12. Chink-mesican hippies do their thing with San Francisco's most bizarre and original group.

### Miss Irene's

Studewood across from Blue Ribbon Rice Mills. Rocky Hill Band, Thursday thru Sunday. Houston's finest bluesman at Houston's finest blues club. Coming soon . . . Juke Boy Bonner and Storm, from Austin.

### Mad Dog

Village Shopping Center. Times near Kirby. Good local bands, beer, wine, madmen, Englishmen.

### Love Street

Allen's Landing. Local bands such as Savannah Breeze, Rattlesnake, Deerfield. Fri. and Sat.

### Sam Houston Coliseum

3 Dog Night - underground bubblegum presented by KILT and Ripoffs West, Aug. 13

### Music Hall

Pink Floyd, Sept. 9 presented by Southwest Concerts and Foley's

### Liberty Hall

1610 Chenevert. "Ripped and Wrinkled," a rock opera written by C. C. and Jean Courtney featuring the Bloontz All-Stars and an excellent cast. This is a morality play of the oldest genre (see review) with some fine knee-jerkin', juicy rock and roll. Don't miss it. Thursday, 8 p.m.; Friday and Saturday, 8 p.m. and 10:30 p.m. Tickets \$3.50 at Foley's. For information, call 225-6250.

### La Bastille

Franklin, Old Market Square. Rahsaan Roland Kirk, a jazz master, one of the greatest living musicians, who plays an incredible variety of instruments sometimes three at a time. Thursday thru Aug. 12. For information call 227-2036.

### Free Park Concerts

presented by the City Parks and Recreation Department and a grant from the Music Performance Trust Funds. Dick Shannon's Dixieland Band, Sunday, 2:30-4 p.m.; Showmobile across from Hermann Park Zoo. Hal Tennyson's Young Jazz Artists, Monday, 7:30-9 p.m.; Woodland Park, 212 Parkview. Arnett Cobb and Clarence Green, Monday, 8:30 p.m.; Miller Outdoor Theater.

### O.D.'s

620 Westpark. The Drifters, one of the oldest, finest and funkiest groups in rock and roll. This should bring out the housewife rockers in teased or rolled hair and the workingman greasers with 10 kids. Monday thru Saturday. For information call 783-3160.

### Candlelight Park

1520 Candlelight. Arabia Shrine Temple Band - your favorite schmaltz, Sousa, show tunes, polkas, tuba's, uniforms, just like the movie "Picnic." Campy nostalgia for park concert bands in the summer? This is IT. Tuesday, 7:30-9 p.m. Free.

### The Old Quarter

Congress and Austin. Don Sanders, Fri. and Sat.; Frank Davis, Sun., The Rockin' Blue Diamonds (Houston's best and most original jazz-rock group and they get better every time I hear them), Wed.; Big Walter, piano blues master coming next Sat.; Juke Boy Bonner, (Houston's newest successor to Lightnin' and Texas blues) Aug. 26.

### Slug's

Garrott and Barnard. Mostly music from the stereo for big H's would-be jet set hippy swingers - a place to hustle and be hustled - a real classy joint.

### Tanny's

Calhoun, across from U of H. Folk music during the week, rock and roll on weekends, full of pretty, clean cut college hippies, hamburgers, beer, dancing, . . . ? Bill and Lucille Cade, Thurs.; Thursday's Children, Fri., Sat., Sun.; Tary Owens, Mon.; Deerfield, Aug 11 & 12; Greezy Wheels (from Austin), Aug 19 & 20.

MORE ON NEXT PAGE



# George McGovern

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CALL 527-9591 OR COME BY HEADQUARTERS AT  
3602 MILAM FOR MORE INFORMATION.

\* \* \* \* \*

TO SPACE CITY! :

WE'LL MISS YOU AND THANK YOU FOR GIVING  
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*The Houston Journalism Review regrets the passing  
of the free spirit of Space City!*

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# Letters

Space City!, P.O. Box 70086, Houston, TX 77007

## Fellow Traveller Bids Adieu

Space City!

After three years and a hundred-some-odd issues, you are dying. By your own hand, of course. It could be no other way.

You provoked enlightenment, anger, and much indifference. You built a Movement paper in a town with no Movement! You even erected a Movement of sorts, before that Movement manifested its fatal weaknesses in a spasm of self-righteousness, irrelevancy and iconoclasm. "Armed Struggle" eventually dropped out of the picture, but not before blood was shed and a life was lost. For what? The Revolution? To give power to the People?

The post movement days were scarred by conflict — this time from within. Political validity is an absurd issue for those so removed from anything even resembling politics. Apathy became a shield for those daunted by the intellectual masturbation of the New Left. Those spouters of the "correct line" were left out in the cold.

Your bastard cousin Mockingturd may gloat over your demise, but they are in no danger of being taken seriously by anyone other than the incredibly naive. They will soon choke on their collective struggle.

The Space City! we've seen the past few months has looked sharp, and been fairly interesting. However, it has also been largely contentless. Whatever happened to the writers?

Not the critics, they've come through in acceptable manner. Lomax is especially good. One article by Joel Barna that appeared a few months back was utter bullshit, but other than that, its been readable. In fact, it only takes about ten minutes to read every word in the whole paper. So the suicide is rather timely.

Me, I'm sticking with rock and roll, voting for McGovern, and waiting for Sissy to seize state power. As a former collective member, delegate to the Black Panther Party's Revolutionary Peoples Constitutional Convention, radical war protestor, victim of police harassment (my arrest record is still a stigma I have to bear, but I think I may survive), and fellow traveler in the best sense of the word, I bid you adieu.

Jim Shannon  
Houston

## Abraxas to Enter Breach

Space City!

As Space City! reaches its endpoint a vacuum in the community is apparent. However well SC! has succeeded and failed it has been "the paper" for most of its three-year existence. While it is not our intention to review and evaluate those successes and failures in this letter, we would like to state our sense of continuity of mission with SC!, and our desire to extend those successes and partially convert the failures into success by learning from them.

We are a group of people who, see-

MUSIC SPACE-IN cont. from 27

### The Texas Ballroom

To open soon with good rock and roll, blues, country music and jazz. Dancing, booze, pretty boys and girls.

### The Supermarket

Market Square. Good local groups like Rattlesnake, Beer, wine, no minors.

### Sandee's

Southpark and O.S.T. Sugar Daddy, Fri. and Sat., a great little bar, friendly people and good booze, broads and vibes.

### Sullivan's Island

Village Shopping Center. Big Martha Turner, the Best in sweet soul music. A square club with over-priced drinks but good music and food. Although much of Martha's material is aimed at her banal, would-be swinger audience of insurance execs and secretaries, she transcends it all as well as any yogi. She is one of the finest woman blues and soul singers I have ever heard.

### Austin

Some of the best music in Texas (or the whole country for that matter) is just three hours of driving away and well worth the trip out of our smog, traffic and hostility into the serenity of the central Texas hills. Some of the best groups to hear in Austin are: Storm, Freda and the Firedogs, Blackbird, The Balcony's Fault, Ken Threadgill, Robert Shaw, John Clay and the Lost Austin Band, The Hardtimes with Angela Strehli, James Polk, and Greezy Wheels. Some of the better places to hear music are: Armadillo World Headquarters, The Split Rail, The Hungry Horse, Castle Creek, Rolling Hills, The One Knite and Bevo's.

## Sam Houston Coliseum

Humble Pie, Malo and Ramatan, should be a fine show. Too bad it has to be held in the tombs. Presented by 12th St. Productions, Aug. 26.

## Radio

### Reality Central

Electronic tribalism returns to the ether at 90.1 FM as Reality Central takes to the air on Pacifica radio, KPFT.

Hosted by long-time Pacifican and ex-Space Citian Gavan Duffy, Reality Central will rock on at 11 p.m. Monday through Thursday, with music, interviews, telephone conversations and Mr. Duffy's sporadic, sparkling wit. The World-Wide Telepathy News Service ("tomorrow's news today") will report on the changing world situation as new and startling developments are unearthed by the news service's network of clairvoyants.

Reality Central is a central switching station of the Reality Patrol, a cluster of alpha-energized mind terrorists engaged in a never-ending battle against the brain police and all other forces of darkness.

224-4000 is the number to call. Reality Control.

### Jazz Solo

Bill Farley is your host on KLYX (102.1) for a new show called Jazz Solo. Sunday nights 11 pm-midnight.

● ● ● ●



ing SC's impending death staring us in the face months ago, had hoped that Mockingbird could step into the vacuum. We no longer hold such hopes - it's a hopeful bird that never flew, a fledgling with its feathers ripped off before it got its nest together. We will deal with the Mockingbird hassle fully in the first issue of Abraxas, Aug. 17.

Abraxas is a collective of people, and a newspaper. We are committed to the collective process. We do not believe that a newspaper can just happen as a miracle of democratic anarchy. Miracles are wrought by hard work. Nor do we believe a paper can be established to speak to the needs of the community we seek to serve within an authoritarian, sexist, racist working structure that pays lip service to but does not practice collective structure, working and living. We conceive of the Abraxas collective as a functioning, self-supporting energy source for, rather than an energy drain upon, the community.

What we are aiming for as a newspaper:

- \* Inter-support of and with the Houston community;
- \* Local and community orientation;
- \* Local third world issues and coverage;
- \* Increased women's liberation issues and news coverage;
- \* Development of men's liberation issues;

- \* Perspective on national and international happenings;

- \* Vigorous effort to develop local writers, cartoonists, and other artists (MIDNIGHT SON, formerly running in Mbird, will be a regular Abraxas feature);

- \* Exploration of possible regional coverage and readership.

We would be interested in talking with all those interested in working with Abraxas. Our telephone number is 524-0370; someone is with the phone 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. Monday through Saturday.

Ad rates and deadlines are available. Call us if we don't call you.

Copy deadline for the Aug. 17 issue is 9 p.m. Aug. 11.

Our address, if you want to write to us or subscribe (\$6 yearly, weekly from September on) is P.O. Box 52493.

-Abraxas

### Shortbeard Reminisces

A newspaper is human, so when a paper dies, the wake is the same as it is for a person. You remember the good, the bad, the exciting, the dull, the exhilarating and even the stupid. And the combination of these memories usually is tied together in an overriding ribbon of emotion - wishing that everything would continue, not stop, because overall the good was always much better than the bad.

I was around Space City! about three weeks after it started, stayed with the paper for two years, split, and now I'm doing what I can to

make the last issue the best of them all.

I sold advertising, sold newspapers in the street, wrote movie reviews, and a couple of articles about being hassled selling the paper on South Shepherd and Richmond. That experience seems worth recounting now.

Seems that an emigre from Castro's Cuba sincerely felt my selling Space City! to motorists was a clear danger to this country. So he made a sign on a four foot square cardboard, stating, "This Man Is A Communist." Then he proceeded to walk, about a foot behind me, showing his sign over my head, even as I showed the front page of Space City! to the startled motorists. Picture the scene: a shortbearded newspaper vendor followed by a long bearded man advertising that I was a Communist.

I smiled, motorists smiled back and a young woman asked the sign carrier how he knew I was a Communist. He answered, he *knew* because he had seen people of that political persuasion in Cuba. Well, the confrontation resulted in Space City! being sold and the ex-Cuban muttering about the naivete of Americans, who ignored the sign, would not take its wording literally without proof.

This taught me something. I remembered that people can't be fooled all the time. Lincoln said it better. I also was reminded that there are many people who believe the opposite of my beliefs and they believe as strongly in their views as I do and you need a little faith in whose belief will be finally accepted, that the good in people runs deep and that's what will save this country from disaster.

When I joined the paper I came from a straight job, a straight world that was bounded by the illusion of the American dream, that anybody can make a success in business if they try hard enough. Inside me I knew it was bullshit and my experiences in the business world proved it. And I wanted to know what the new political, social and economic movements of the New Left were all about.

People at Space City! and those who came around there gave me an education I could never have learned in any school. They were people who believed in a better human life for all. They placed the highest value on people as compared to material things. They worked long and hard to show injustices forced on others in Houston. They sacrificed, got hurt, got shot at.

One man known to those at Space City!, Peoples Party II Chairman Carl Hampton, was killed for his beliefs.

It was an honor to have been associated in a small way with these people because the waves of progress they started years ago have swelled and when they finally come ashore the land will have changed for the better.

Mike Zeigfinger  
Houston

# unclassified

THANK YOU CUSTOMERS and friends from Old Market Square. I have grown to love you all. Farewell til we meet again. Eddy Reed.

HOUSTON SOCIALIST SUMMER School meets every Tuesday and Thur. at 7:30-9:30 pm at the Univ. Center, UH. Lecture topics for Aug 1st and Aug 3rd will be: "The Stalinist Popular Front in the U.S." and "The Stalinist Popular Front in the Third World." For more info, call 673-9445.

I'M A PRISONER DOING A LITTLE time and could dig hearing from some lovely young woman. Bruce Coventry, P.O. Box 777, Monroe, WA 98272.

STEVE SMITH: Please call the Libran Book Store 526-8108.

SPECIAL THANKS TO DEBRA for making this issue possible. Love and Peace, Space City! Production crew.

NEED RIDE TO VIRGINIA between Aug 14-20. Share gas/driving. Call Karen, 522-7403. Leave message. Thanks.

NEED RIDE FOR TWO PEOPLE to Columbia, MO. (Kansas City or St. Louis) by this Sunday. Linda Butler, 667-2305.

DANISH STUDENT AND FRIEND need ride to Nashville or vicinity August 2 or 3. Will share driving, expenses. Call 664-8732.

JOE KENNEDY: Try to keep Peace of Mind and remember that people on the outside care about you! Greetings to Growlersburg!

GOODBYE, SPACE CITY!, AND THANKS FOR GIVING A DAMN.

b. duff

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SPACE CITY! I'LL MISS YOU.

W.C. Faris  
McGovern Delegate  
Dist. 13

P.S. DON'T GO FAR, WE MAY  
NEED YOU AGAIN.

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I'M PRESENTLY INCARCERATED in the Federal institution at Seagoville. I'm 24 yrs. old and very liberal minded. I would like to write chicks that are open minded and liberal. I'm from Corpus Christi. John S. Salinas, No. 19261, P.O. Box 1000, Seagoville, TX 75159.

JUDY & SHIRLEY: Looks like this is my last chance to communicate via the easy unclassifieds method, so Hello, there!! Come and see us!!!!

FRIENDLY CALIFORNIA PRISON inmate would really like to receive some mail from far-out freaks to help pass the long hours. Please send a photo if you can. And write me!! Joe Kennedy, B38092, P.O. Box 126, Georgetown, CA 95634.

YOUNG CONVICT, SERIOUS! My name is Cleophus Parkey, 127-459, I'm half Indian and half Negro. I have a few months left before parole, and would like to correspond with some ladies. Prefer ages 20-35, Cleophus Parkey, P.O. Box 5500, Chillicothe, OH 45601.



# SPACE CITY!

## CAST, IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE:

### Names appearing in Space City! staff box (other than collective) from June, 1969 to present.

Jane Manning  
Carolyn Kendrick  
Bob Northcott  
Bidy Taylor Lomax  
John Lomax  
Andy Prindall  
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Martin Chapman  
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Tom Flowers  
Gary Brant  
Diane Morin  
Al Morin  
Rick Johnson

### Collective:

the original: Judy Fitzgerald, Dennis Fitzgerald, Victoria Smith, Thorne Dreyer, Susan Mithun Duncan, Cam Duncan.

### Additions:

Sherwood Bishop  
Bryan Baker  
Richard Atwater  
Dolores Ray Frenzl  
Doyle Niemann  
Star Gibson  
Susie Somppi  
Bill Casper  
Gavan Duffy  
Jim Shannon  
Bobby Eakin  
Susie LeBlanc  
Ernie Shawver  
Karen Northcott  
Noelle Kanady

The present collective: Noelle Kanady,  
Karen Northcott, Victoria Smith,  
Thorne Dreyer.

Space City! is owned by and was operated by the Lyman Padde Educational Project, Inc., a non-profit corporation. It was published every Thursday. Mailing address still is P.O. Box 70086, Houston, TX 77007, and will be for a while. Former member of Underground Press Syndicate (UPS); was subscriber to Liberation News Service (LNS), Alternative Features Service (AFS), Dispatch News Service International (DNSI). Subscription rates were \$7.50 a year (\$5 for GIs), \$4 for six months, free to prisoners. Advertising rates would have been supplied upon request. Single copy price still is 25 cents, 35 cents out of town; this issue will remain on sale for some time. Telephone soon will no longer be 522-0581. Don't take any wooden nickels or bad grass, keep on truckin', drive carefully, be cool and carry a big stick. And that's the way it is, August third, 1972.







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